



Emil

**AND HE SANG,
I AM A TRUCK**

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
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AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

As we journeyed further, the miles gradually soothed our souls, leading us away from the sorrowful valley. Once more, the path veered towards the boundless stretches of the magnificent ocean.

We both decided to move forward and let this bear of outrage fade away from our minds, much like the memories of a rainy-day parade slowly fading away.

Whoa! The path we zoomed



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

down was incredibly steep, with treacherous climbs and roller-coaster-like drop-offs right next to even higher sheer drops into the forested hillsides.

Even after all these years, just the mere thought of this drive sends shivers down my spine. As we embarked on our descent into the valleys, a peculiar sight caught our attention. Bubba, the wise man, enlightened me about these deep cuts in the



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

terrain, which he referred to as escape ramps for runaway trucks.

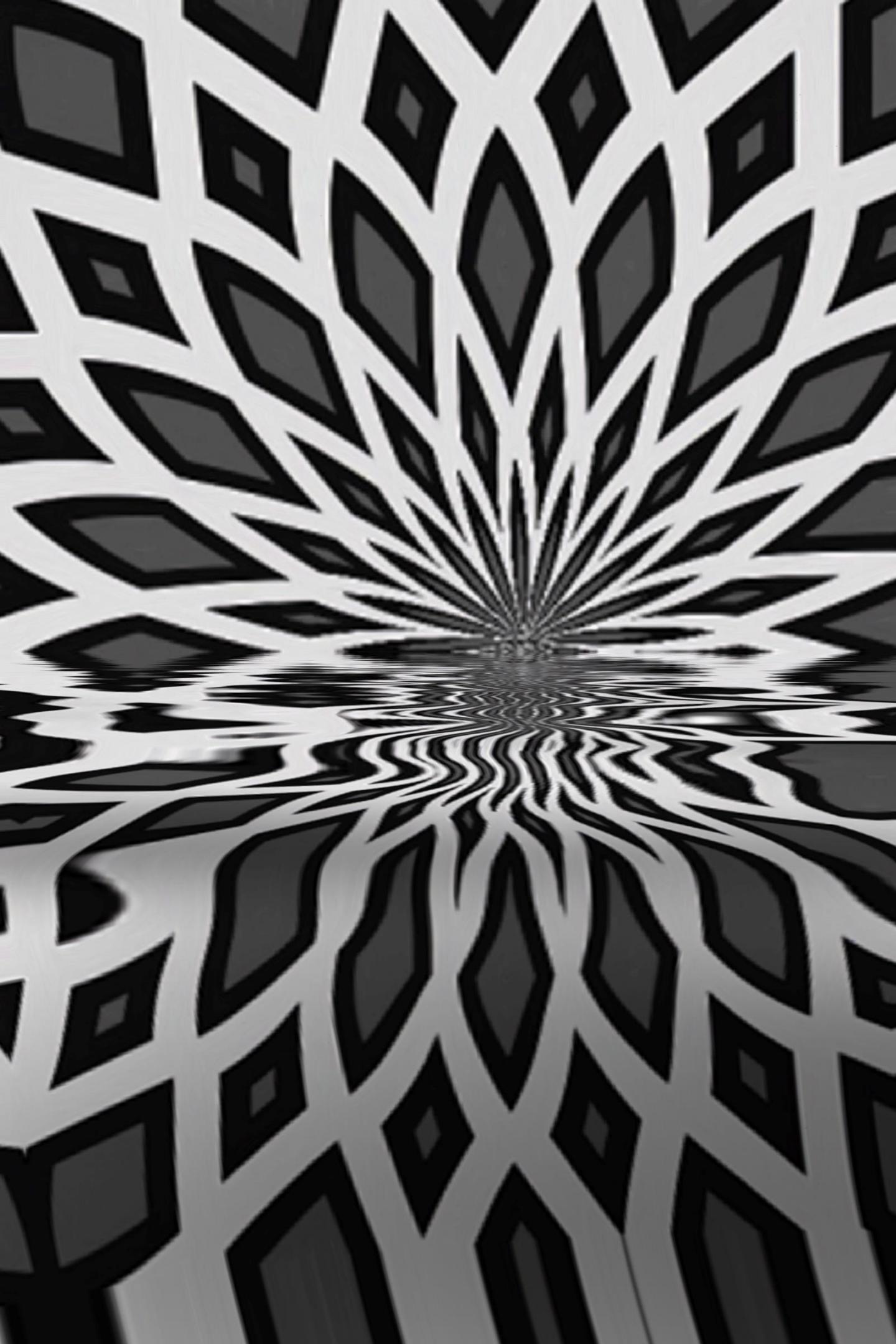
However, to my eyes, they resembled colossal ski jumps reminiscent of the ones showcased on the television at the TC Store window during the Olympics. We couldn't help but cheer enthusiastically for our team as we watched, filled with joy.

Unfortunately, fate had a different plan in store for me.



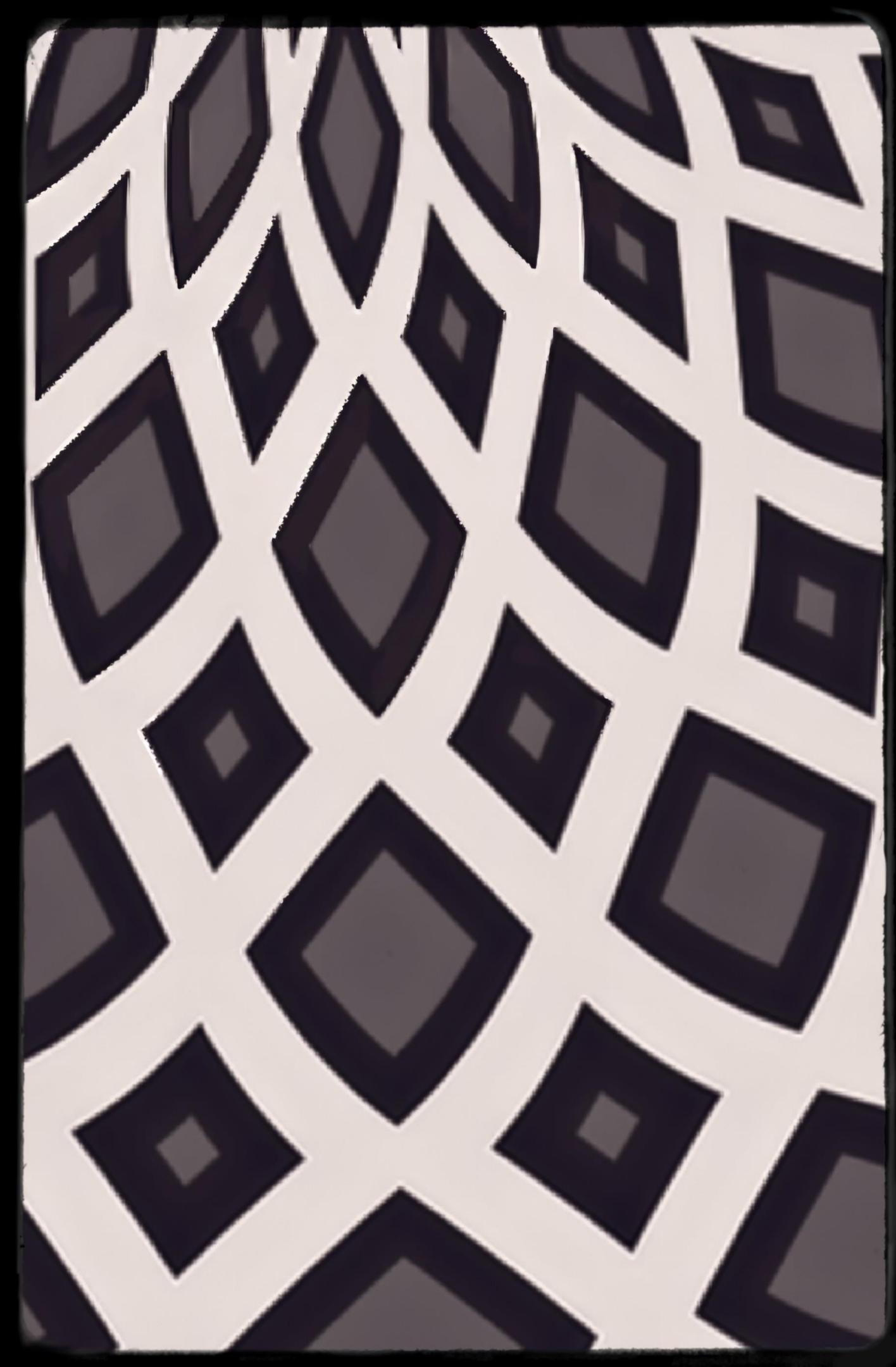
AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

Little did I know, these platforms were not meant for ordinary purposes, but rather as launching pads for sending magnificent 16-wheeled diesel trucks, adorned with their shiny exteriors, soaring into the vastness of outer space. Without a second thought, I naively released my grip and placed my trust in the wise Bubba, the holy man. He assured me that these towering ramps were a crucial



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

element of the Highway Department's innovative scheme. According to Bubba, they were designed to offer these majestic road creatures a grand finale—a magnificent, gravity-defying leap into the abyss, where they would gracefully belly flop onto the unforgiving, jagged rocks lying hundreds of meters below. At the truck drivers' rest station, we encountered a Teamster Clan Driver who



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

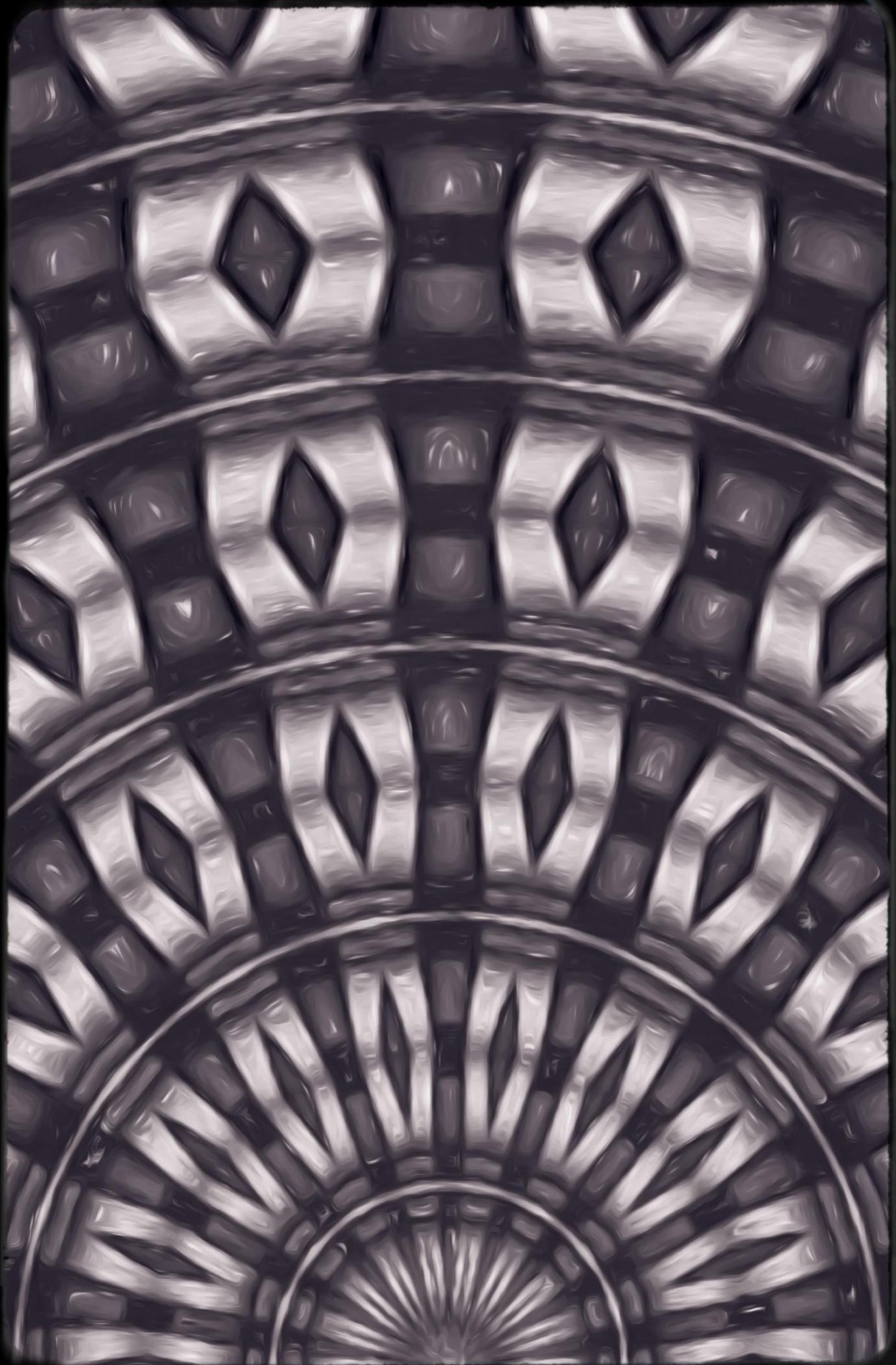
confirmed that my initial impressions were indeed accurate.

Glancing around to ensure no one was eavesdropping, he proceeded, "that these intricately carved inclines were constructed due to..." he hesitated, and even a person with limited perception would have detected his apprehension before he resumed speaking in a hushed tone, rendering his words even more incomprehensible.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

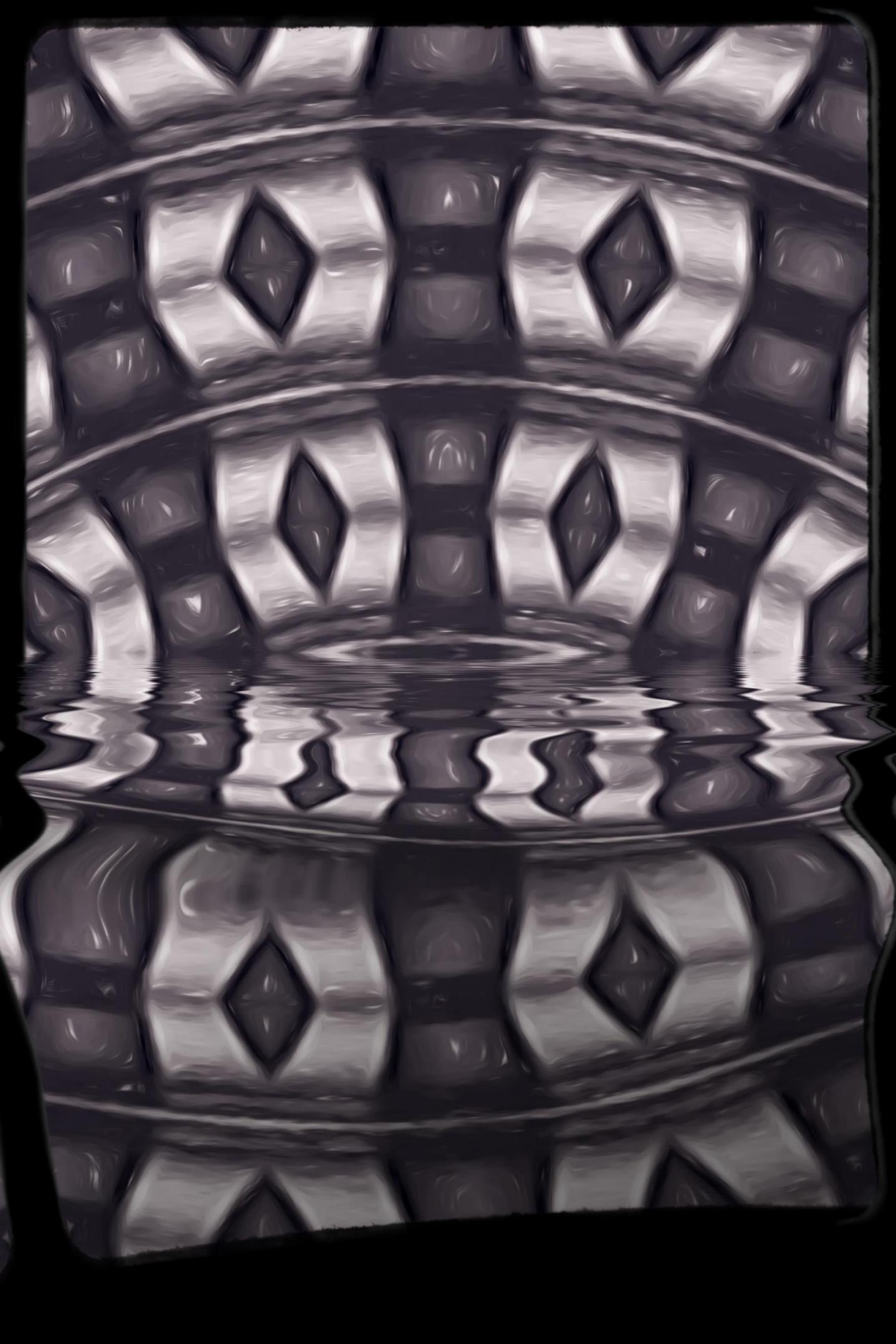
If you haven't had the chance to embark on this extraordinary journey to an unfamiliar territory, let me introduce you to the fascinating world of the trucker clans. Among them, there's a member from the esteemed Teamster's Clan who possesses a unique dialect. At first glance, it may seem similar to their native English language, but as soon as you engage in a conversation, you'll



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

discover their distinct vocabulary and peculiar expressions, such as the famous "Ten-Four, Good Buddy!"

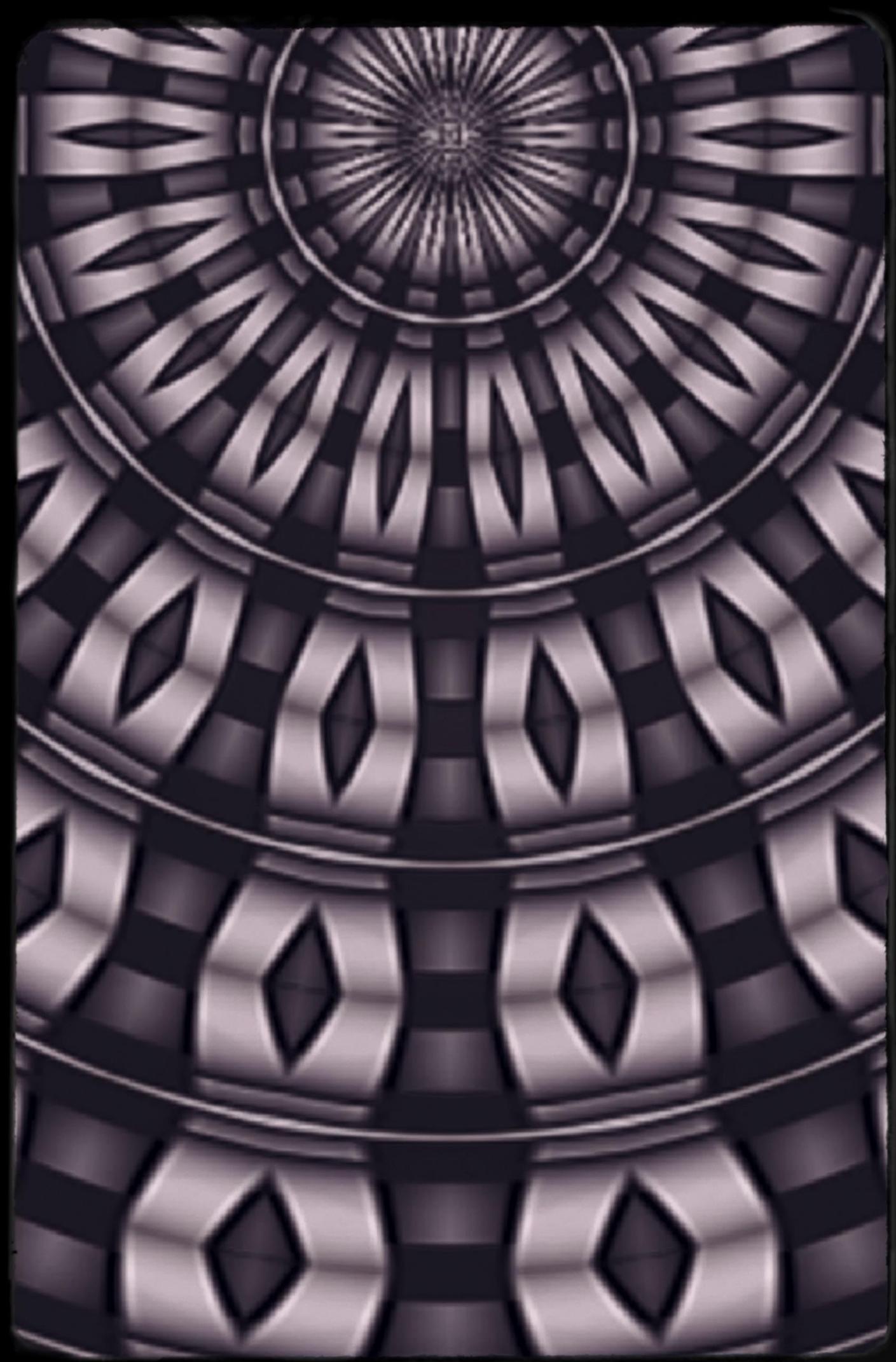
I'm afraid I won't be able to unravel the mystery behind this peculiar blend of words. It seems that their unique jargon requires extensive immersion in the fascinating world of Trucker Culture, which takes years to fully grasp. Because of his sincere request,



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

I won't reveal his official English name or his Teamster alias. It appears that, similar to many Asian cultures, these Teamsters have both a birth name and a nickname, which they call a "handle."

This nickname is used among his fellow associates, including his brother and even his sisters. Yes, you heard it right! There are no restrictions on women becoming part of the clan brotherhood.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

As we gathered at the truck café counter, our newfound companion, the truck enthusiast, eagerly joined us.

We were about to enjoy a steaming cup of coffee when he began to unravel the mystery behind the peculiar ramps scattered across the nearby mountain forests.

With a mischievous smile, he whispered, "You won't believe it, but this highway was actually a covert testing site



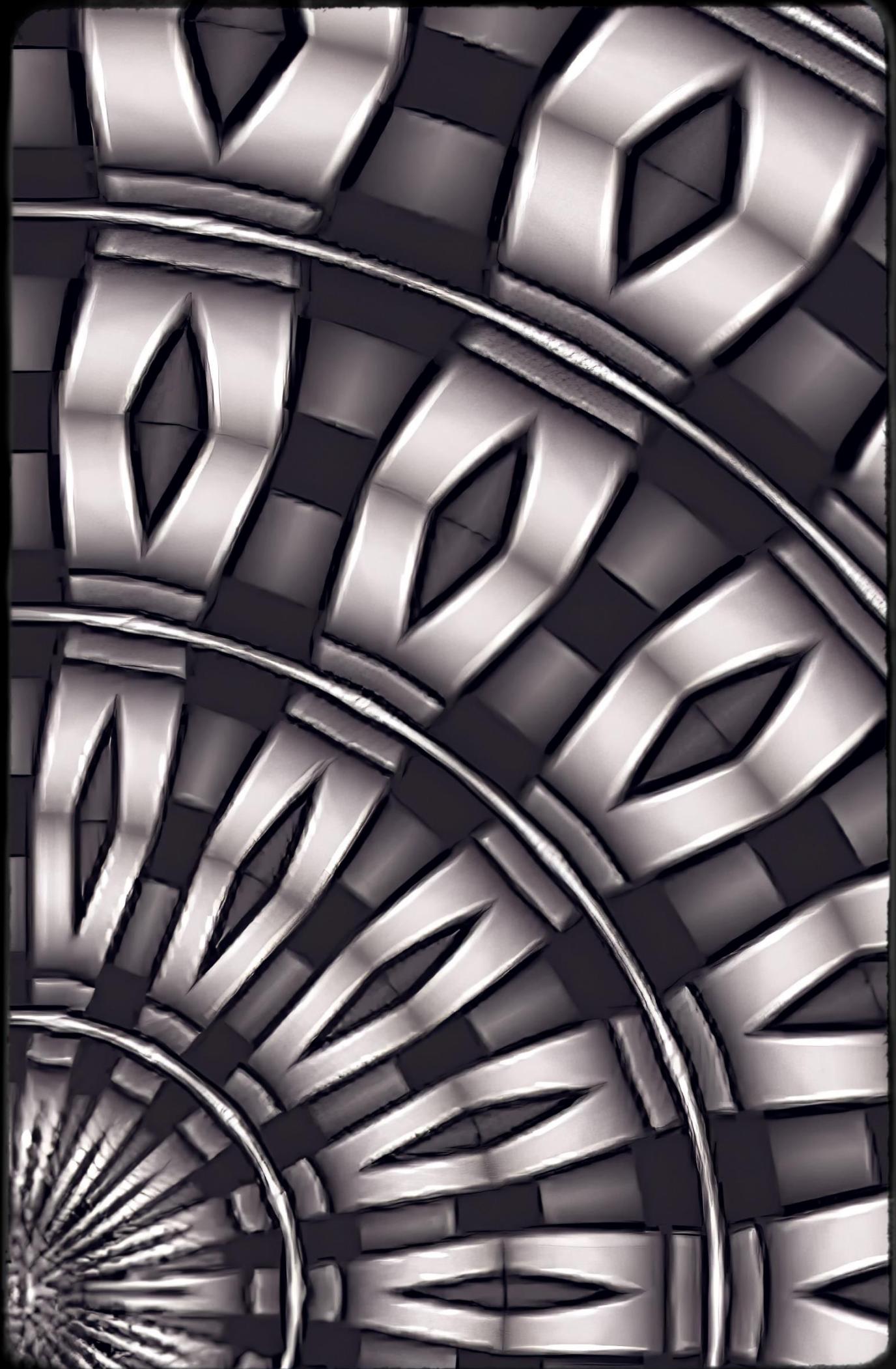
AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

for an exciting sport that the Americans are planning to unveil at the upcoming Winter Olympics!"

"What kind of sport?" I exclaimed with sheer amazement.

Just like a character straight out of a steamy romance novel, this Teamsters member exudes an air of intrigue as he perches on the café stool beside us.

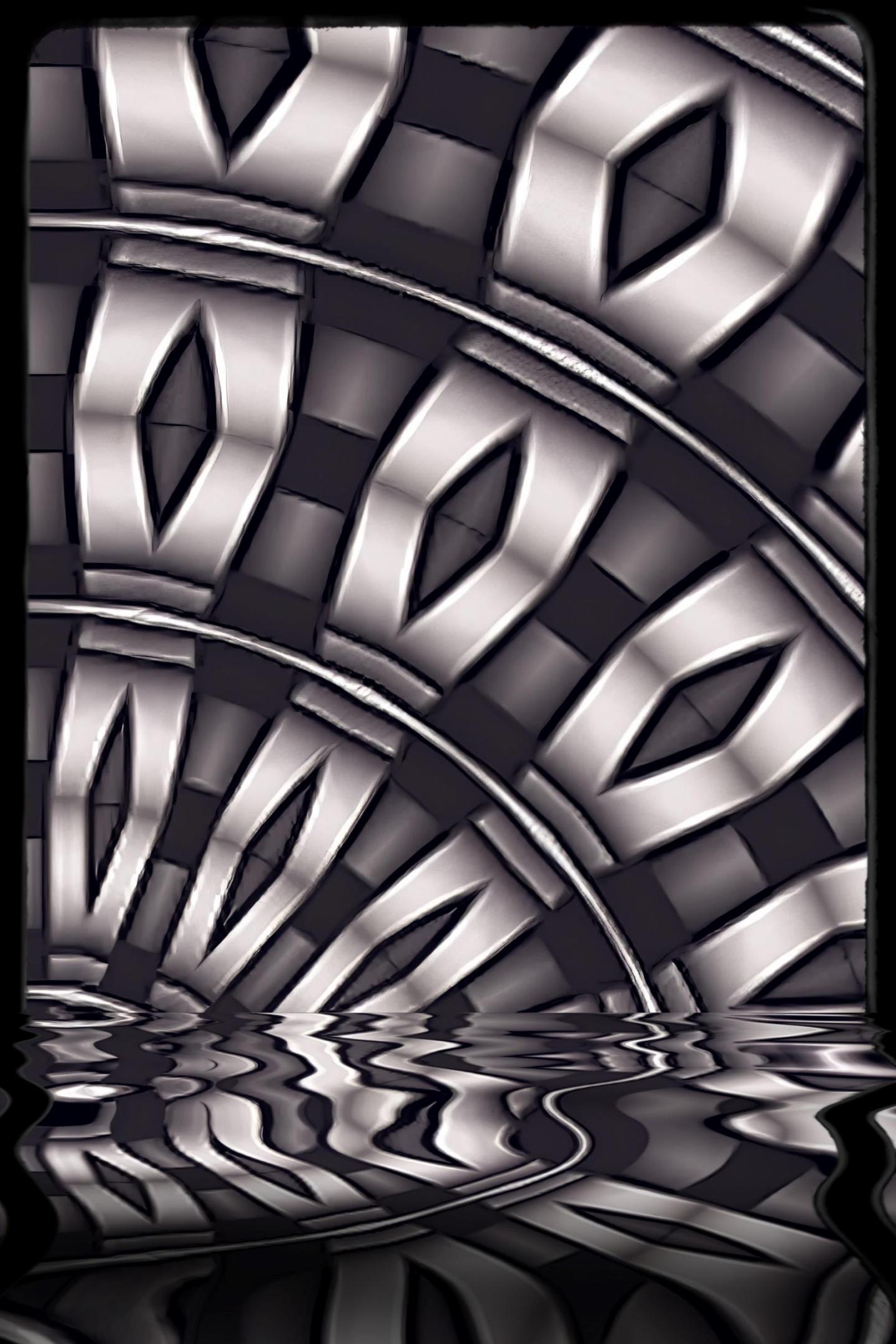
It's as if the literary gods themselves, graduates of the



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

prestigious Columbia School of Journalism, have sent him to bestow upon us their hidden wisdom and help salvage our struggling story from its premature demise in "Chapter One."

Like a scene straight out of a Harlequin novel, we were oblivious to the lurking danger that surrounded us. Ignoring the critic's review, I foolishly attempted to steer our conversation away from our



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

Harlequin and towards
explaining to the Teamster
Clan Driver how the Holy
Elephant had orchestrated our
chance encounter at this quaint
roadside cafe.

"Truck Jumping!"
His voice, barely a whisper,
struggled to escape the
labyrinth of wrinkles etched
across his solemn countenance.

The addition of this fresh
attitude only intensified the
feeling of unease, anxiety, and



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

excitement that (as professionals would put it) signaled impending chaos!

I have to confess that the overall impact and his evident dedication to his performance were undoubtedly the outcome of extensive professional theater training over the years.

The final outcome truly transformed this individual from the Teamsters Clan into something astonishing, which,



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

with my limited journalistic abilities, I can only liken to a three-week-old Danish roll that this café was trying to pass off as freshly baked and homemade.

I must say, I truly appreciate his impressive expertise and I am sincerely thankful to the Columbia School of Journalism for providing him at such short notice.

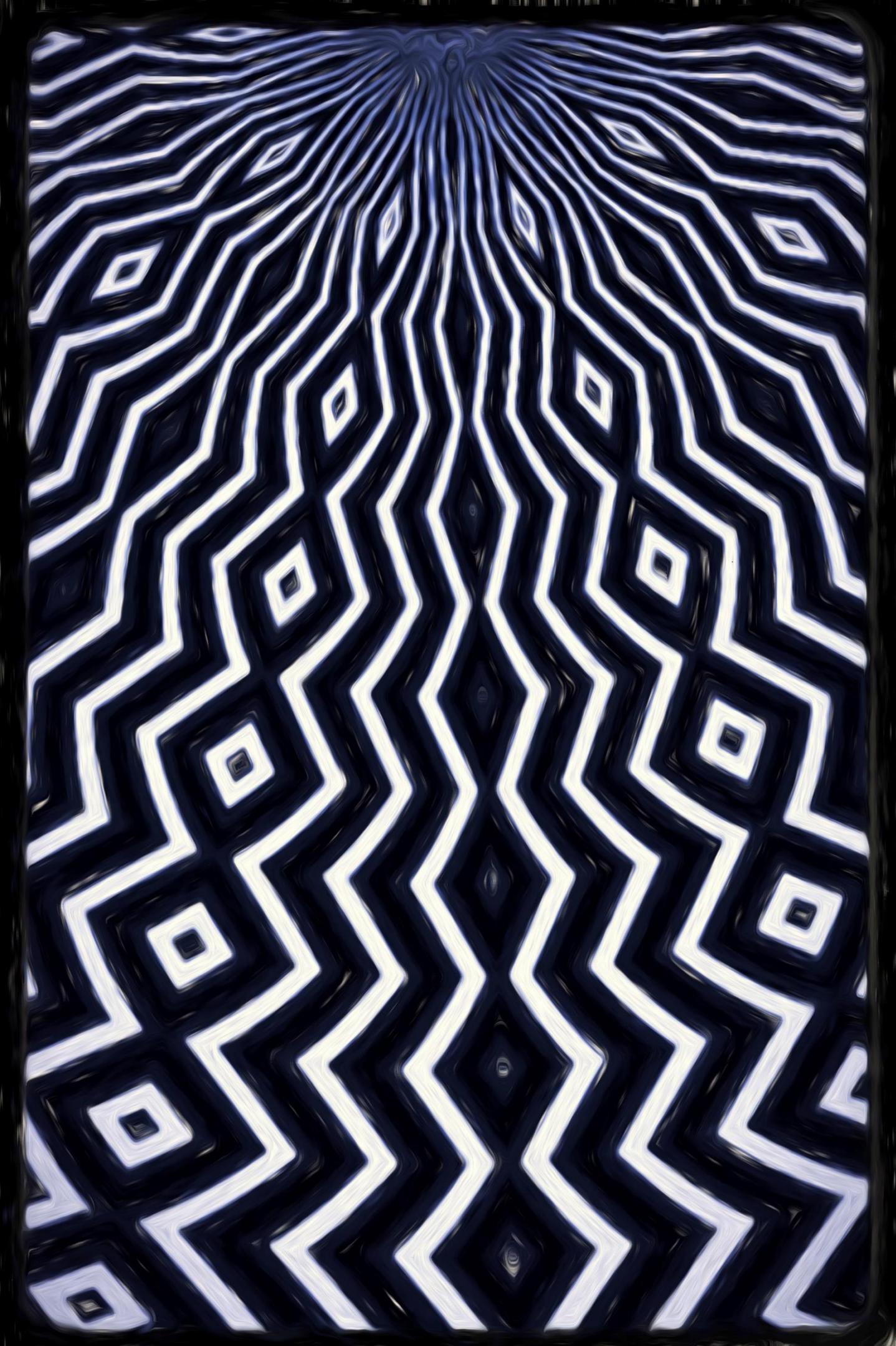
However, I must confess that his exaggerated portrayal of a



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

highly anxious individual, coupled with his constant failure to check his surroundings for potential eavesdroppers, was beginning to grate on my nerves. As he began to speak, I could feel the immense relief washing over him, evident in the way his words flowed effortlessly.

Immediately, it became apparent to me that this incredible revelation had been



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

wreaking havoc on his inner being. However, as it was finally set free, I could feel an overwhelming sense of tranquility and liberation permeating the depths of his very essence.

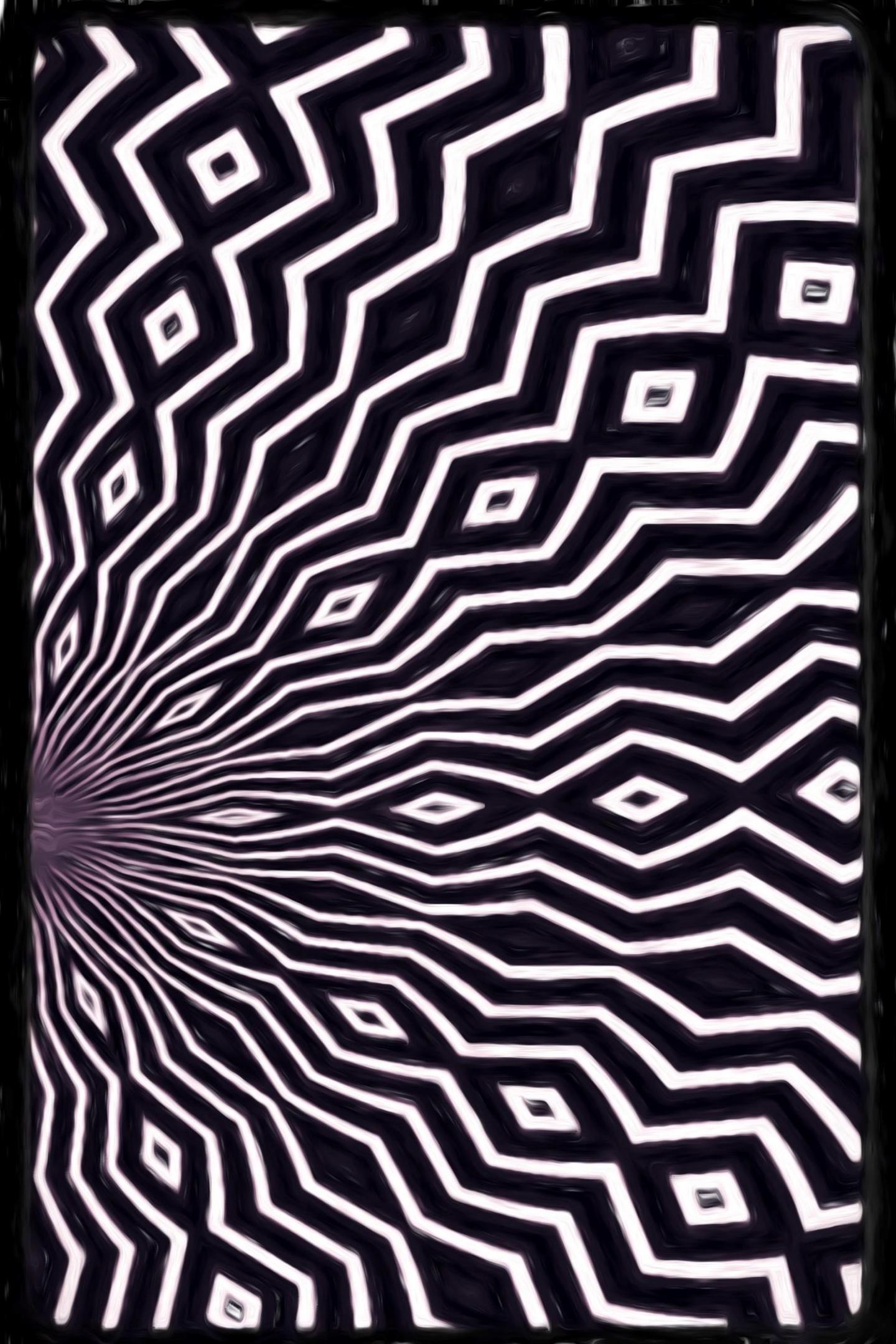
With a newfound confidence, he embraced a fresh perspective and appeared to shed his fear of being abruptly snatched away by the covertly eavesdropping agents of the American Government.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

With his straightforward yet comprehensive confession, he provided a clear blueprint to propel this narrative, perhaps all the way to the border of Washington State or dare I say, even further.

As Bubba, the wise man, sat attentively, he leaned in and shared a secret with me. He whispered that the unfolding scene reminded him a little too much of the iconic movie, "Goldfinger." Concerned about



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

copyright infringement, he couldn't help but express his worry.

Our Teamster companion proceeded with the story, making us promise to keep it a secret, without mentioning whether it was copyrighted or not.

Reflecting on these occurrences, I must admit that the esteemed individual known as Bubba truly upheld his promise and refrained from



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

ever mentioning the incident again.

That all changed around three years ago, when he released his highly anticipated book. It quickly became a sensation, skyrocketing to the top of the New York Times Best Sellers List and staying there for an impressive three months.

In this captivating read, he shared the entire story, but with a clever twist - he portrayed himself as the



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

heroic protagonist. This alteration caused quite a stir and became a topic of discussion during his memorable appearance on Larry King's television show.

"No one will ever confess to it."

the seasoned Teamster exclaimed, his words dripping with fervor.

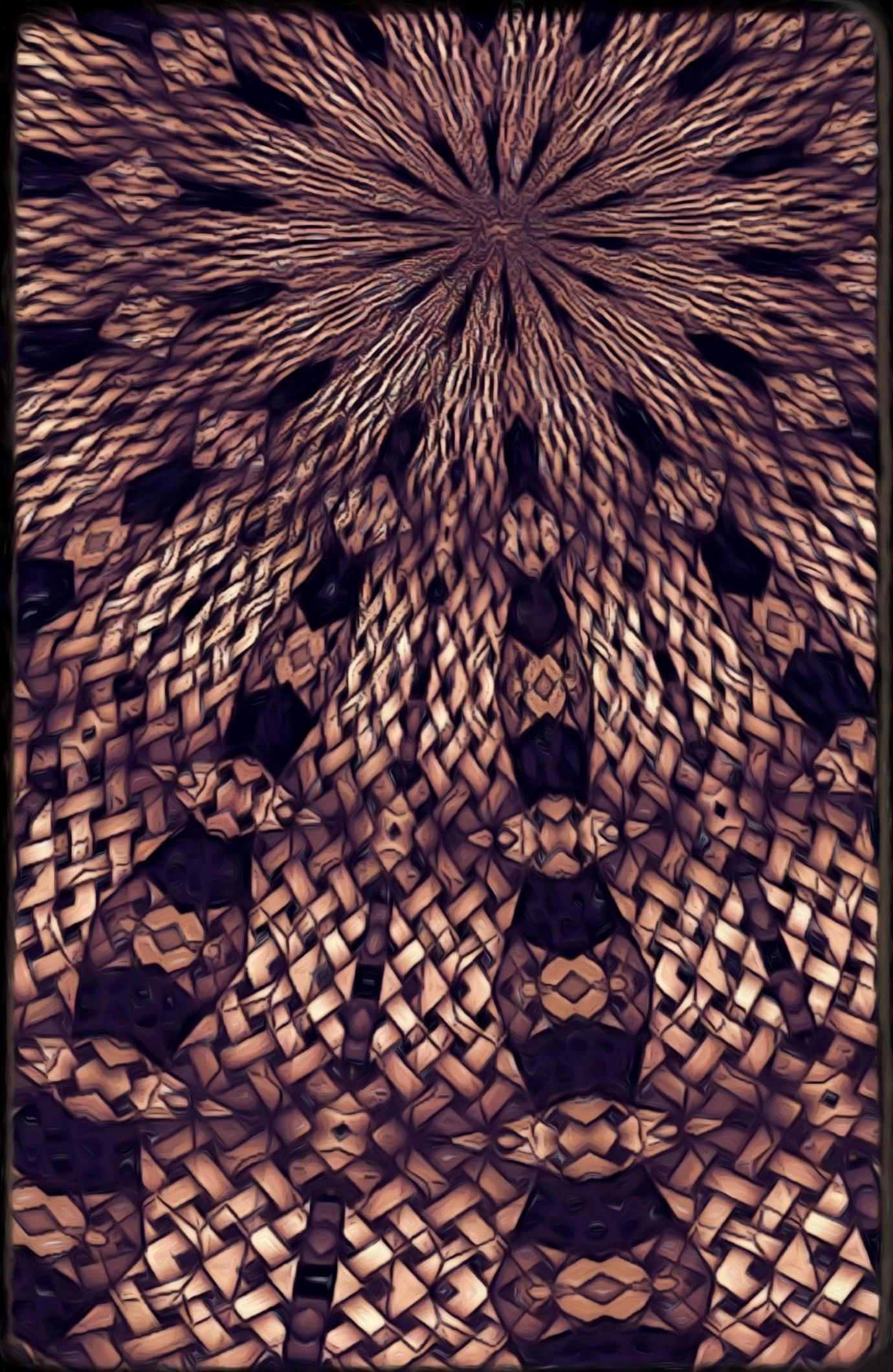
"That's precisely why those Government Boys ensure the maintenance and accessibility of that old highway in such



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

impeccable condition. Those Government Boys are present everywhere, even up in those hills you all just passed through. Oh, my goodness, you can spot them from a mile away. Sporting their stylish buster brown loafers and those cute little earphones dangling from their right ears."

We nonchalantly shrugged, and I must admit that in that precise moment, we perceived no harm in allowing the



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

troubled gentleman to proceed with his narrative without any interruptions.

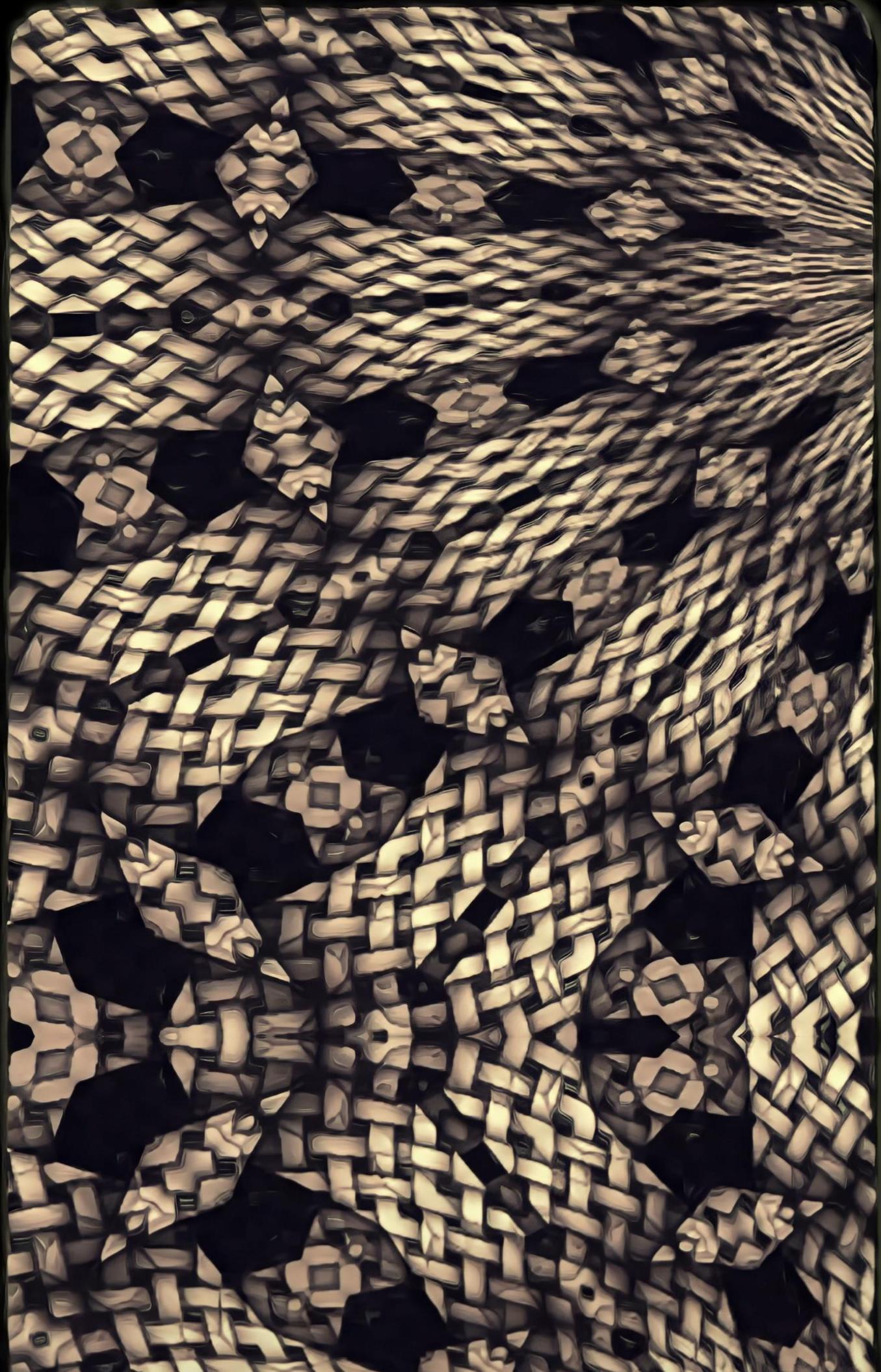
"Out there in the woods, it's pretty easy to spot those Gov Boys, and usually, I don't like to meddle in anyone's affairs. However, things have taken a turn for the worse lately between those fancy three-piece suitors and us regular, old-time truckers."

"It appears that somehow those Russians found out about



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

this secret and were planning to launch some of those darn spying satellites above us. Right here! They claim to be here to observe what was happening. So, now, every time one of us truckers decides to take a break and stop at one of those darn ramps. Those Government Boys come racing up with their guns drawn. They seem convinced that we must be some darn spy for the Russian KGB and that we must

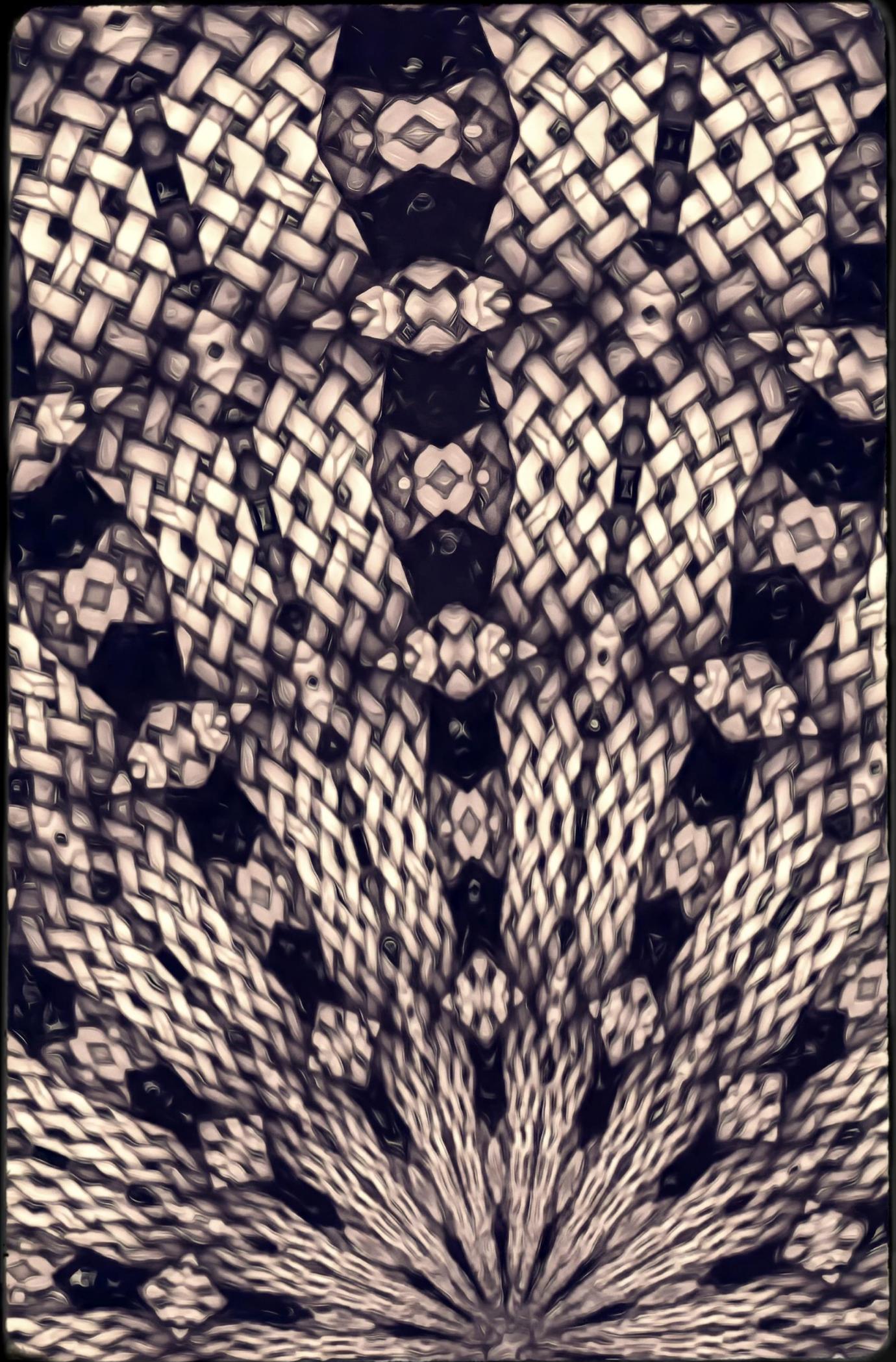


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

be doing more than just
answering nature's call for our
Communist bosses in Moscow.

Goodness gracious, I have
never even been to
Idaho...These guys are
terrified that the Russians will
steal the credit from the good
old U.S. of A..."

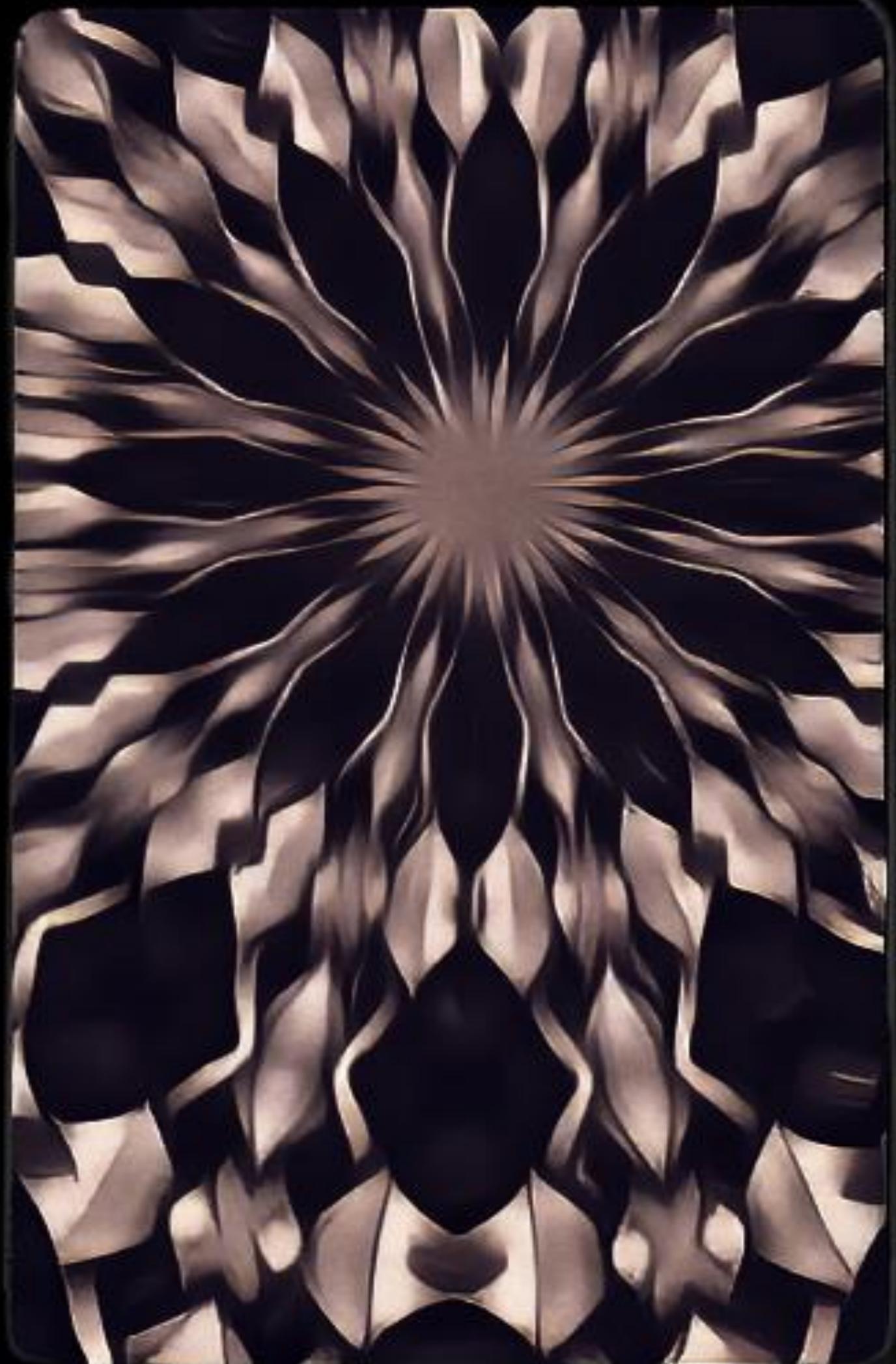
His nostrils flared wide, fueled
by the fiery seed of anger he
struggled to release, much like
my late Uncle Albert's ill-fated
attempt to pass a kidney stone.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

It was an agonizing sensation,
as if I could witness the
intense effort to bring forth
this long-hidden secret into
the world.

"The Gov Boys were relentless,
shouting into my one good ear
about how I should never
forget what those no-good
Commies had done to our
beloved national pastime,
baseball. They insisted on
educating me about how the
Commies had the audacity to

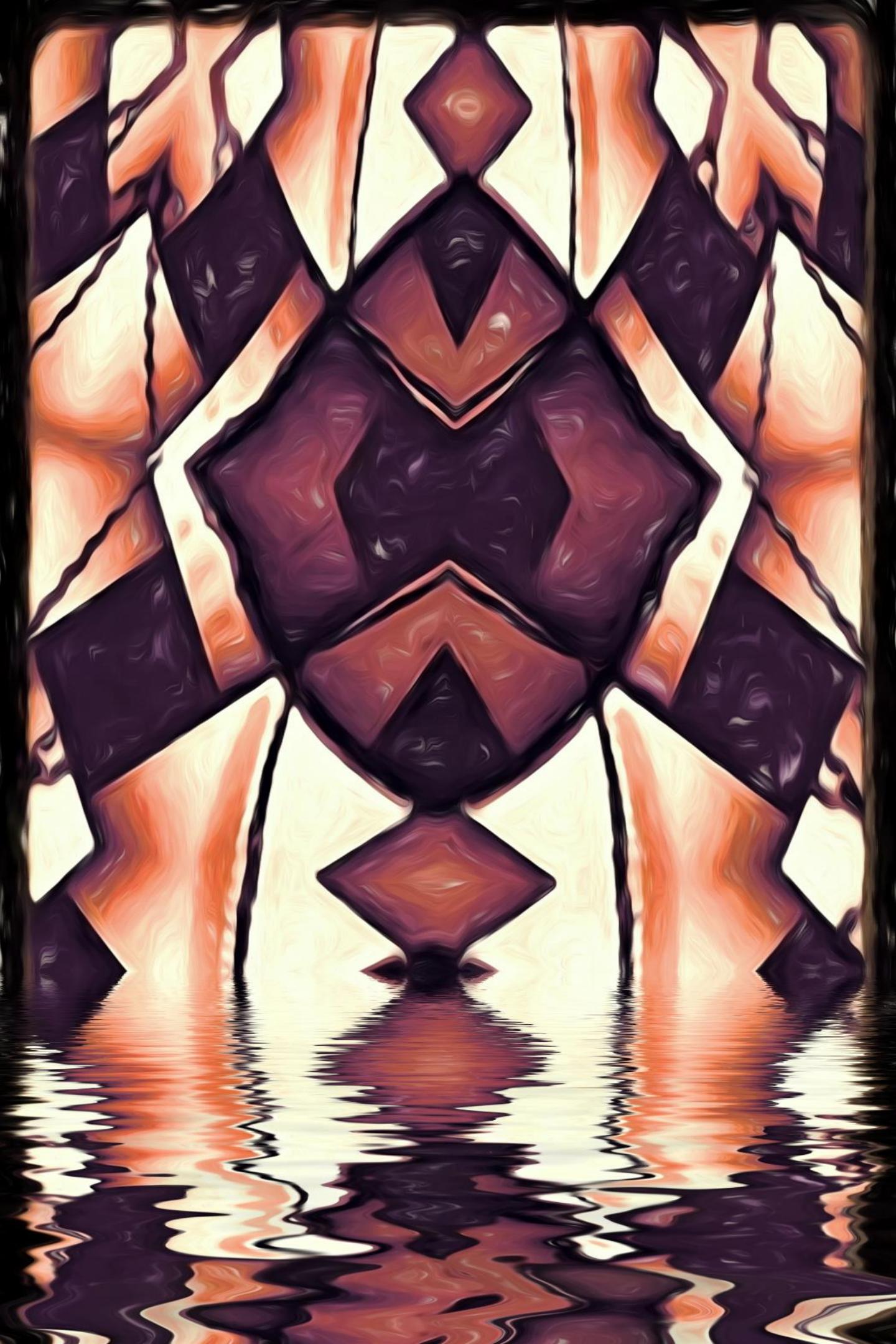


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

claim they invented the game
or even had a league up there
in Siberia a whole decade
before our National League
began here."

"They continued in that manner
for a few hours, without taking
a single break...have you ever
attempted to connect with
nature while being bombarded
by a group of boys shouting
about Communism?"

Every time I recount this part
of the story, an ancient



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

proverb from my village springs to my thoughts.

Unfortunately, I can't share it with you now. I've recently discovered that it has been copyrighted, and I've been bombarded with unpleasant letters from their legal team, accusing me of "Literacy Piracy" and threatening imprisonment.

Alright folks, let's put that old saying on hold for a moment, shall we?



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

At that very moment, a pair of guys sporting affordable JC Penney's casual suits and sporting identical "buzz" cut hairstyles swiftly bounded across the room.

They swiftly interrupted the old Teamster in the middle of his sentence and promptly escorted him out of the cafe, gripping the collar of his worn-out denim coat.

Our hearts sank as we witnessed the old trucker's



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

desperate plea for assistance,
leaving us in a state of utter
shock and dismay.

Outside the cafe's entrance,
the massive black vehicle
screeched to a halt, leaving
behind a cloud of dust.

The wise Holy man Bubba
informed me that it was a Ford
Station Wagon. Although
unfamiliar with this
contraption, I can vividly recall
its numerous doors and
windows.

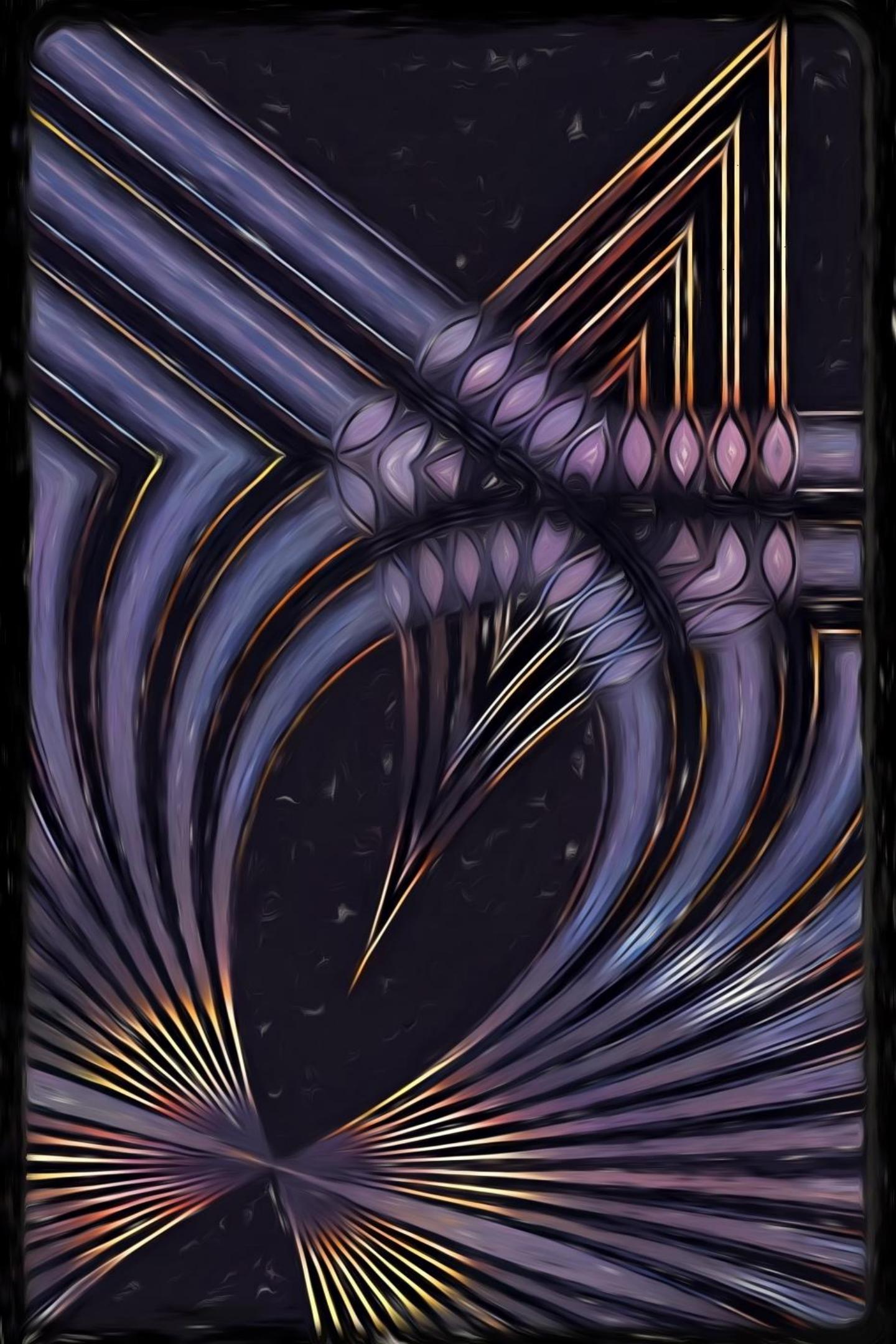


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

As the old trucker and the government officials vanished behind the tinted and obscure windows of their vehicle, a sense of unease washed over me.

It seemed as though this unfortunate trucker was on the verge of stepping into a realm that the television refers to as the mysterious Twilight Zone.

For our fellow members who are not familiar with American television shows, the Twilight

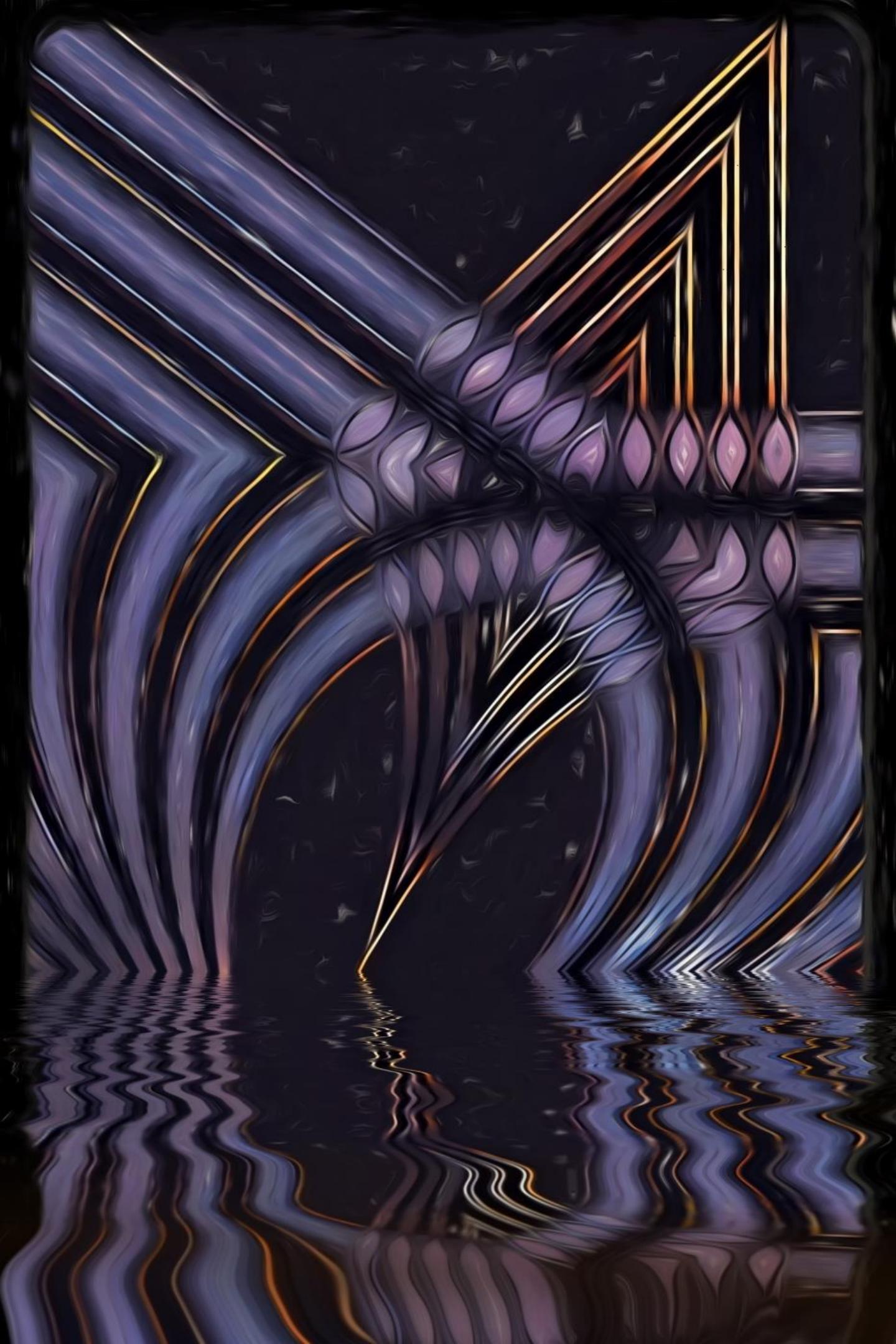


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

Zone can be likened to the mystical realms where light and darkness collide, just as the Holy Elephant described "Omar's Garden."

This Twilight Zone bears a striking resemblance to the sacred "Omar's Garden" of our faith.

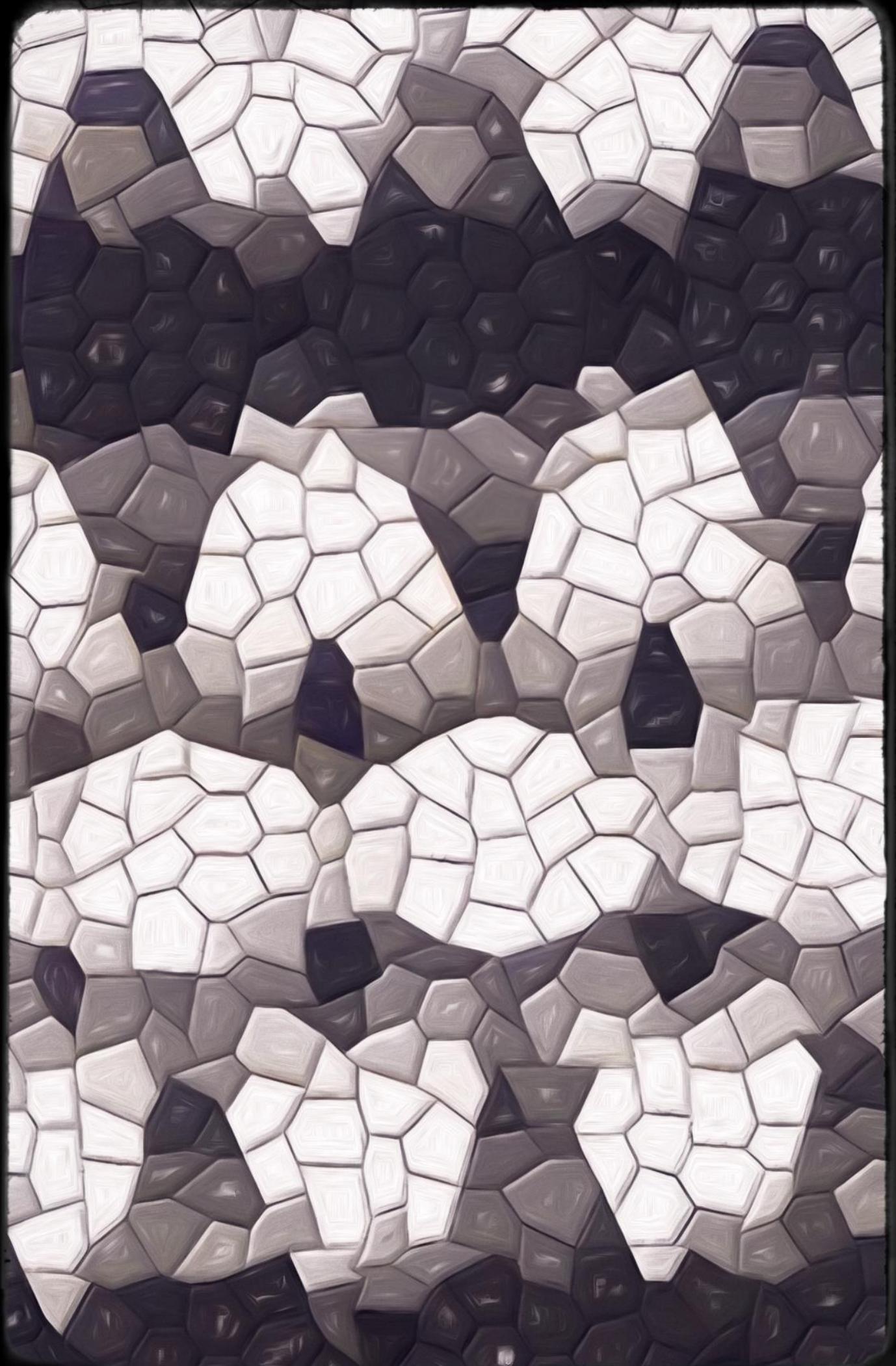
I vividly remember the timeless words spoken by the Sacred Elephant:
"Vanishing may be effortless, but returning home, that is an eternal quest."



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

After immersing myself in extensive self-education about the peculiar traditions of the American populace, allow me to reiterate the iconic line (not subject to copyright) from the groundbreaking film "Rambo - Part Two."

In this memorable scene, the valiant warrior protagonist, Rocky, turns towards his loyal companion and gruffly declares, "Give this Communist fool a pair of lead tennis shoes!"



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

Let him swim with the fishes,
Bruno!"

Refusing to join the ranks of volunteers serving the greater good of this great nation, and having no desire to safeguard their peculiar new pastime from prying Russian agents, the wise Bubba was well aware of the consequences that came with involvement.

It had cost the poor, elderly Teamster his freedom and an unplanned visit to Omar's



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

Garden. Despite privately admitting to me that he had consumed old, unappetizing automotive transmission fluid that tasted better than the café coffee, Bubba still requested another cup of coffee.

I felt quite uneasy amidst a chamber brimming with government officials, disguised as an ordinary trucker, adorned in the traditional attire of the Teamsters clan's driver.

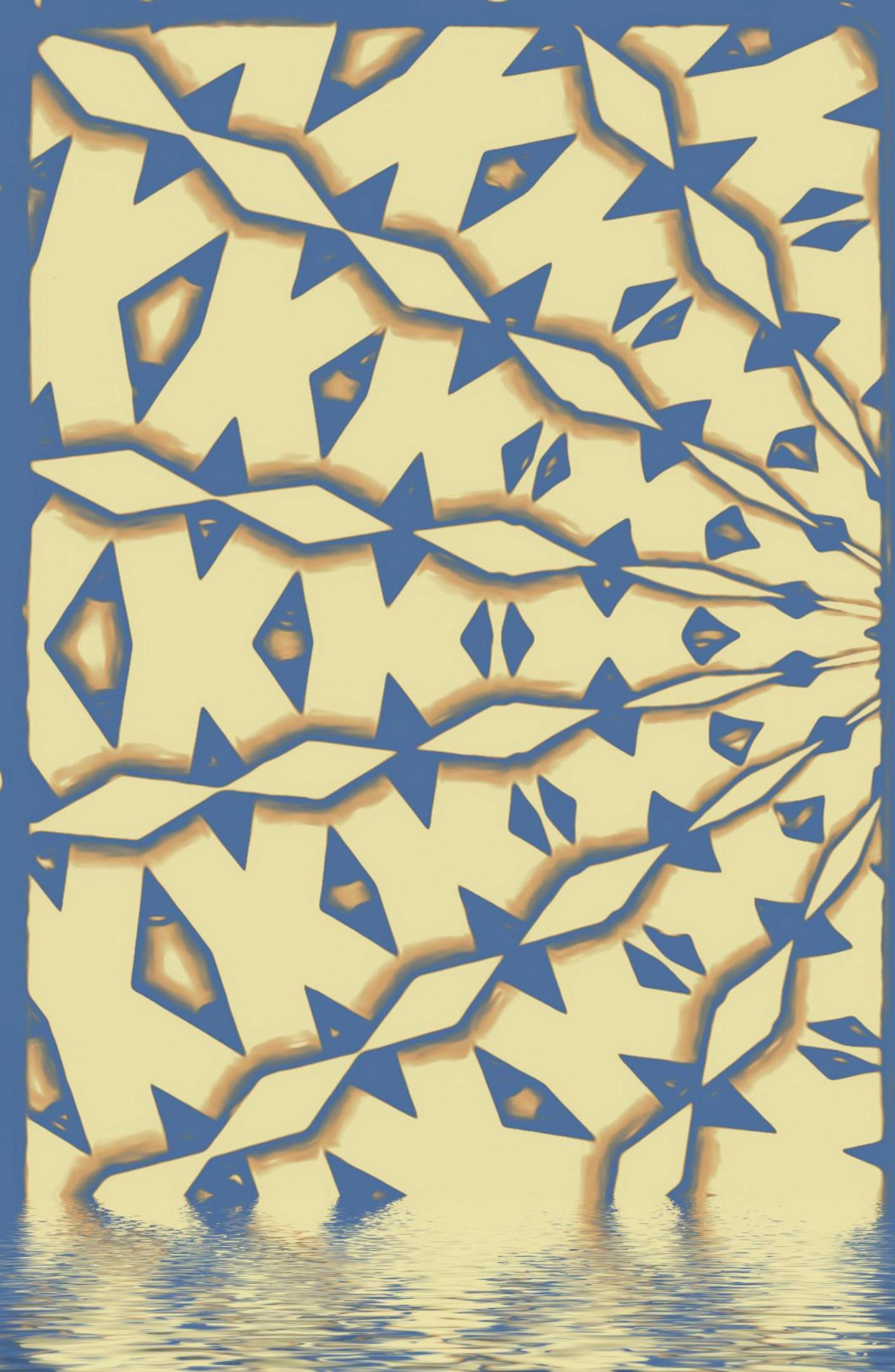


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

It was then that the revered holy man, Bubba, began to serenade us with the timeless anthem of "God Bless America," originally sung by the illustrious American icon, Kate Smith.

Amidst the verses, the revered Bubba faced the government official, who was donned in attire resembling a Teamster clan trucker.

With conviction, Bubba expressed his unwavering



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

belief that Richard Nixon was not as terrible as portrayed, and praised the masculinity of George Bush.

"Indeed, America is an exceptional nation!" he exclaimed, marveling at its greatness and boundless forgiveness.

As he pivoted, a warm smile graced his face, directed towards the patiently waitress lady. I couldn't help but think that she was probably another



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

government official, and now that I recall, if she was with the government then, she had a pair of stunning legs that would have made the "swirling girls"

at the Dance Clubs in my homeland green with envy.

As I turned around, my eyes caught sight of the revered Bubba, who appeared to be meticulously searching for a way to lead us towards the café door, where the promise of liberation awaited us.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

With all my might, I let out a fervent plea, beseeching for liberation and the opportunity to carry on my sacred purpose in service of my unwavering belief in the Divine Elephant. Right now, in this very instant, the esteemed Bubba, a man of great holiness, caught sight of the cook making his way into the room from the kitchen. This cook, who happened to be of shorter stature and had a receding hairline, proudly

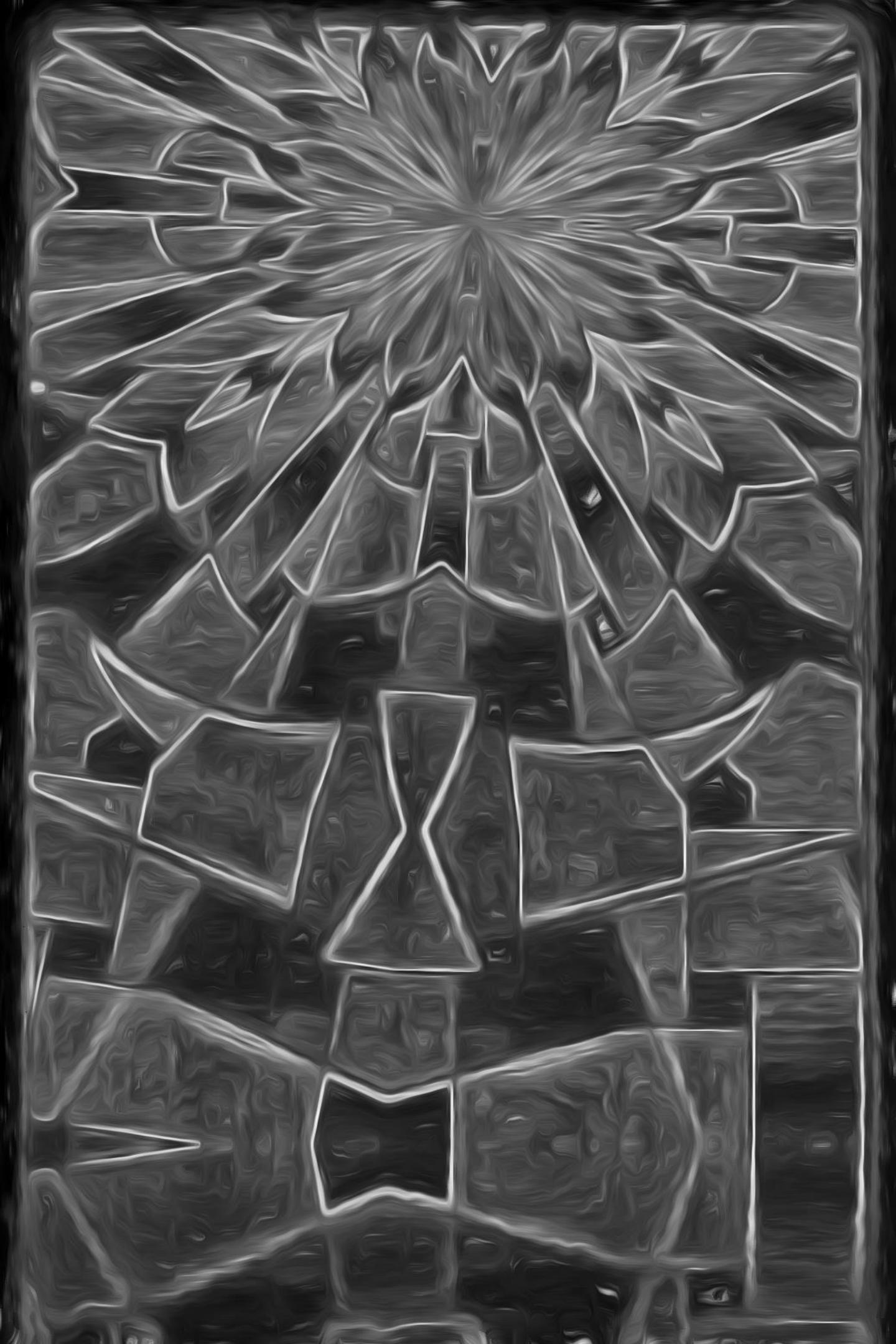


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

displayed his collection of tattoos depicting his thrilling navy escapades.

Typically, Bubba, the revered man, would never have exclaimed that the Navy personnel had a penchant for adorning themselves in their mothers' Sunday garments and elegant attire.

It would have appeared quite logical to the average person that it might not be wise to provoke a man who possesses a



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

large and scorching frying pan. However, with the knowledge we have now, it would be justifiable to consider the desperate action of the esteemed individual, Bubba, as a stroke of genius.

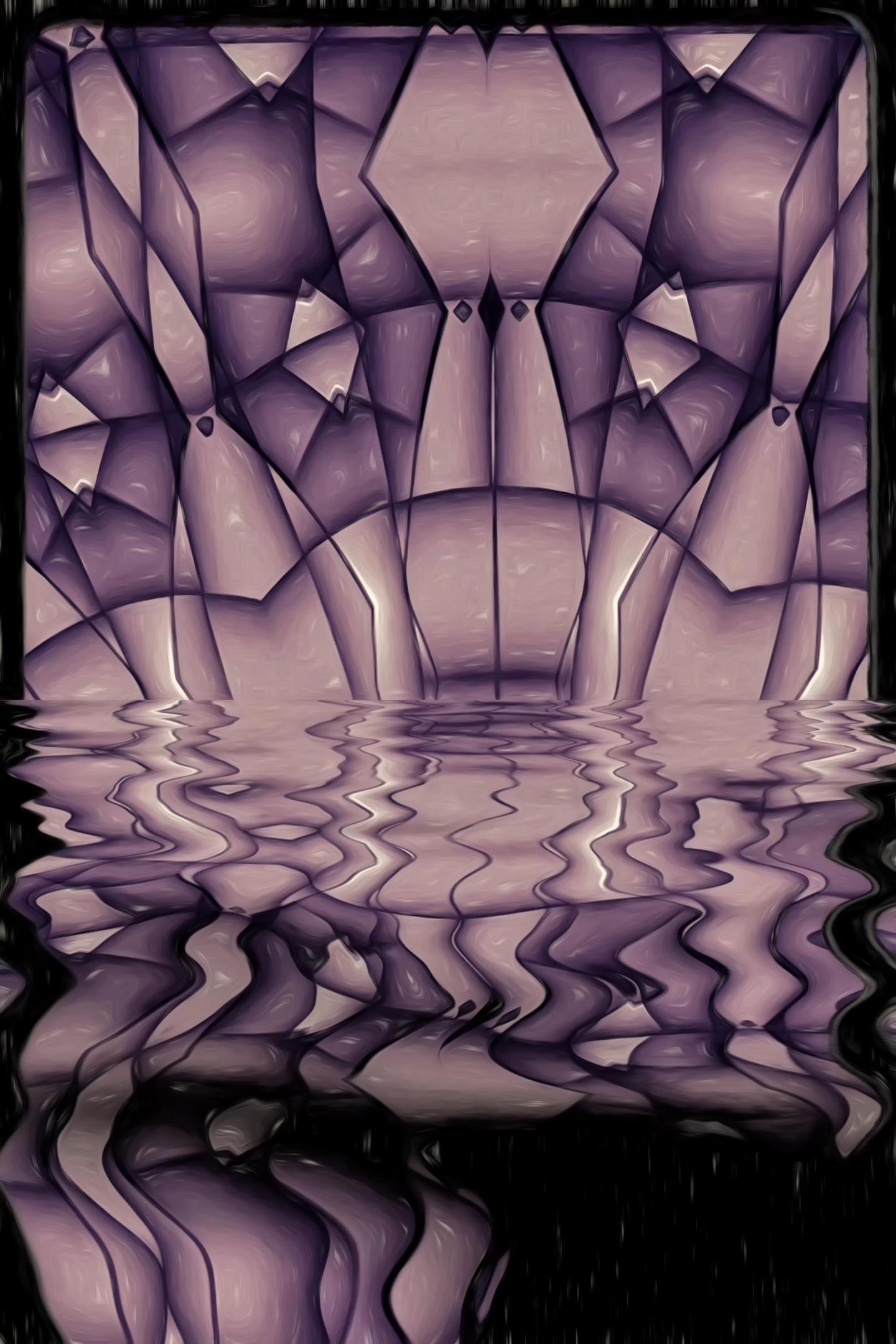
Considering that neither of us have ever demonstrated any remarkable talent for quick reflexes and nimble agility, I firmly believe that this is yet another instance where the Holy Elephant of Joy might



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

have intervened, using its mighty tusk to tip the scales in our favor and rescue us from what appeared to be a dire situation akin to an episode of the Twilight Zone called the "Truck Stop."

Discover what unfolded next and I challenge you to overlook the fact that we embody the epitome of the saying "God watches over fools and idiots!" or that we genuinely experienced a sort of celestial

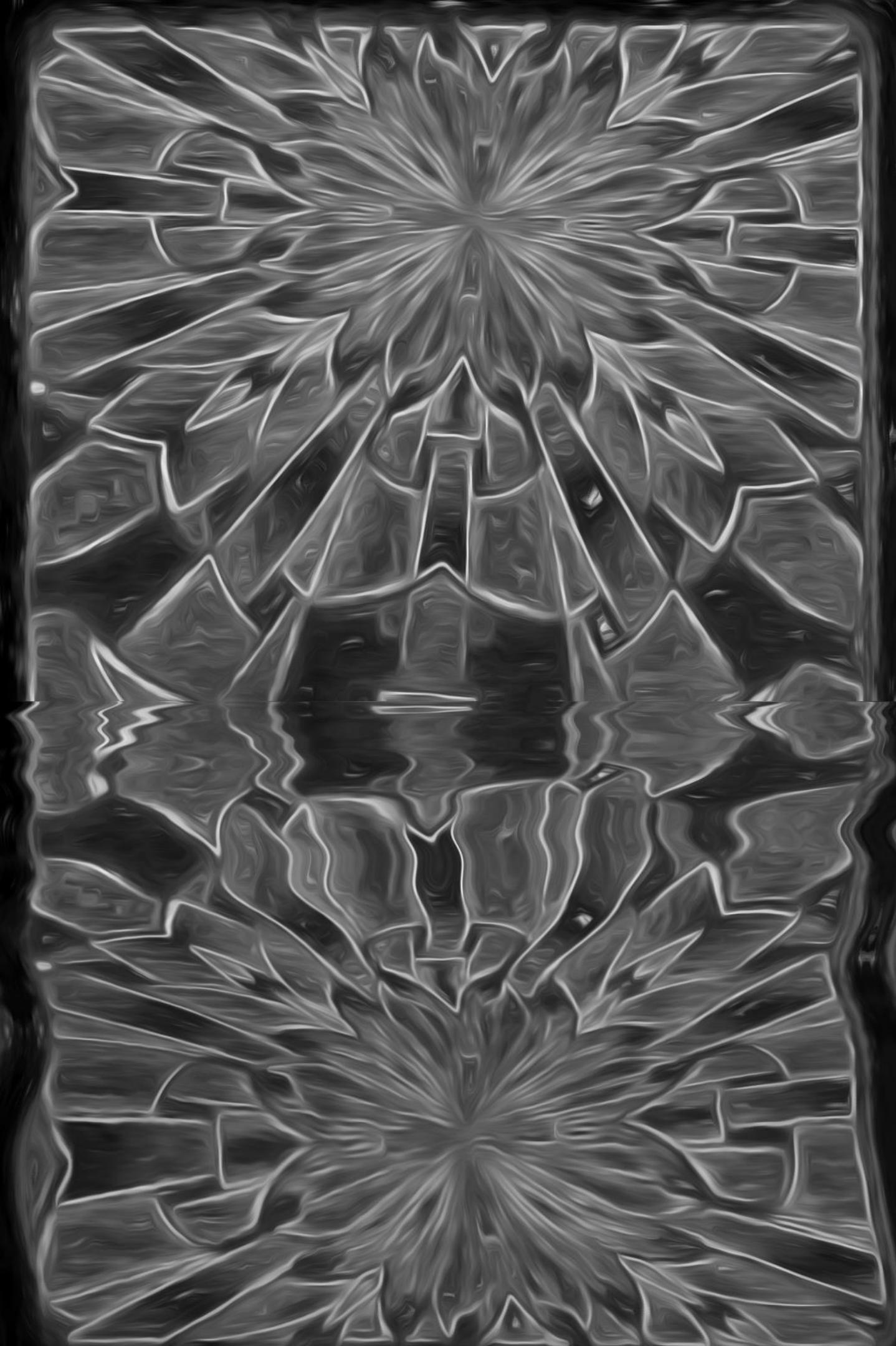


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

intervention.

It all began when the esteemed Bubba, a man of great faith, unleashed a barrage of insults towards the mighty chief. In a twist of fate, the chef, in his fervor to confront Bubba, stumbled upon the countertop, desperately attempting to reach him and put an end to the chaos.

As the chef tumbled forward, his grasp on the sizzling frying pan of scorching hot grease



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

slipped away, landing directly onto the unsuspecting laps of a handful of individuals who were not affiliated with the American Government, enjoying their time at the bustling cafe.

The brilliant scheme of the revered Bubba, the holy man (or was it the Elephant of Joy's plan?), triumphed magnificently, diverting the attention of the government officials towards an intense battle with the genuine truckers.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

With a firm grip on my arm,
Bubba, the holy man, swiftly
led me to the gateway of
liberation, in a blink of an eye,
before I could even utter a
heartfelt "Thank You!" for the
Holy Elephant's safeguarding.
It goes without saying that we
neglected to leave an
appropriate gratuity for the
undercover government agent
who cleverly posed as our sassy
and amiable server.
Despite agreeing with the holy



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

man Bubba's belief that the waitress was nothing more than a undercover government agent, I couldn't shake off my personal guilt of not leaving a generous tip for her exceptional service.

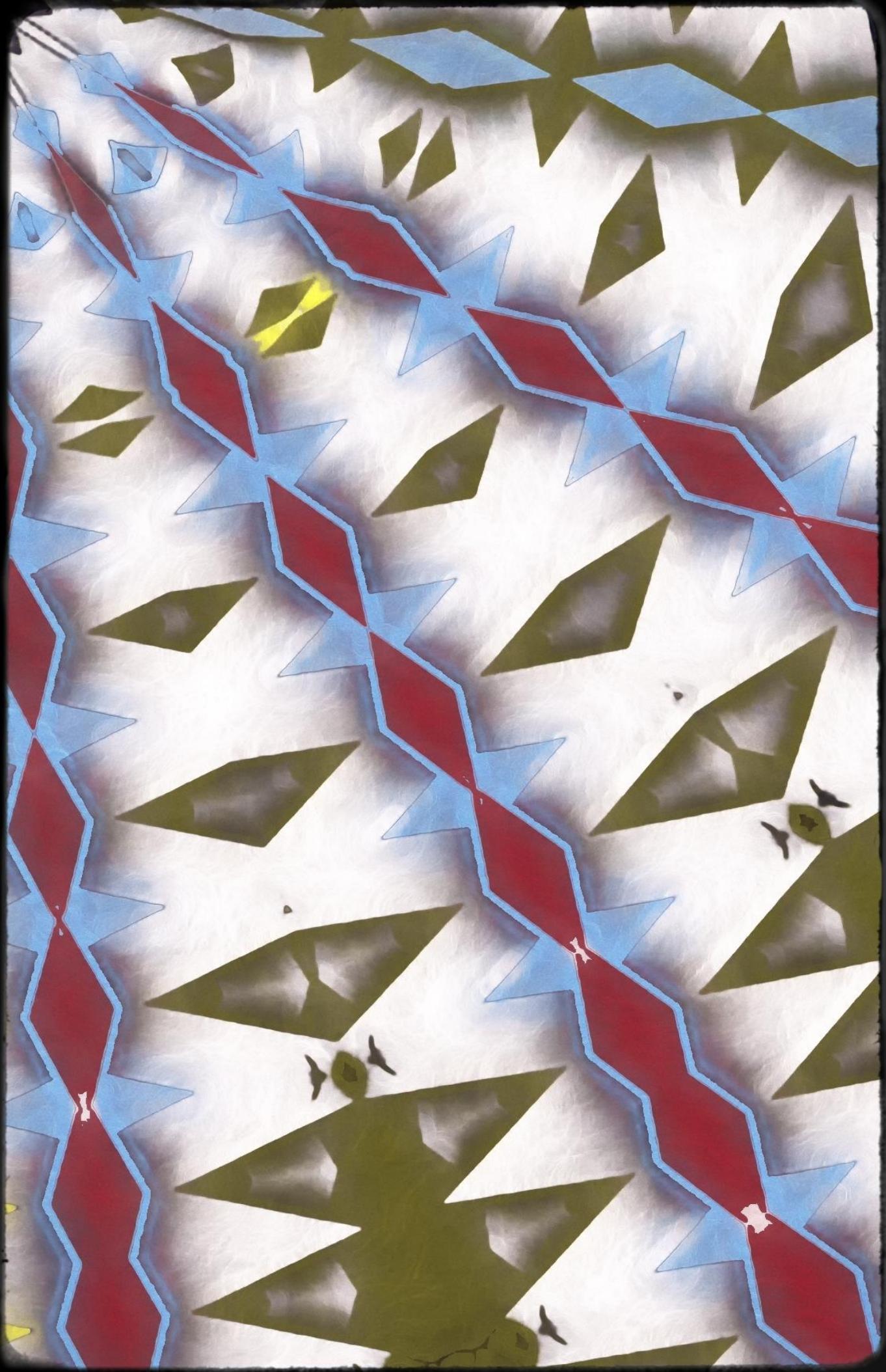
As I dashed towards the exit, the sound of the holy man Bubba's voice echoed through the air, warning us about an impending oil slick. I instinctively slowed down, cautious not to slip on any slippery substances.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

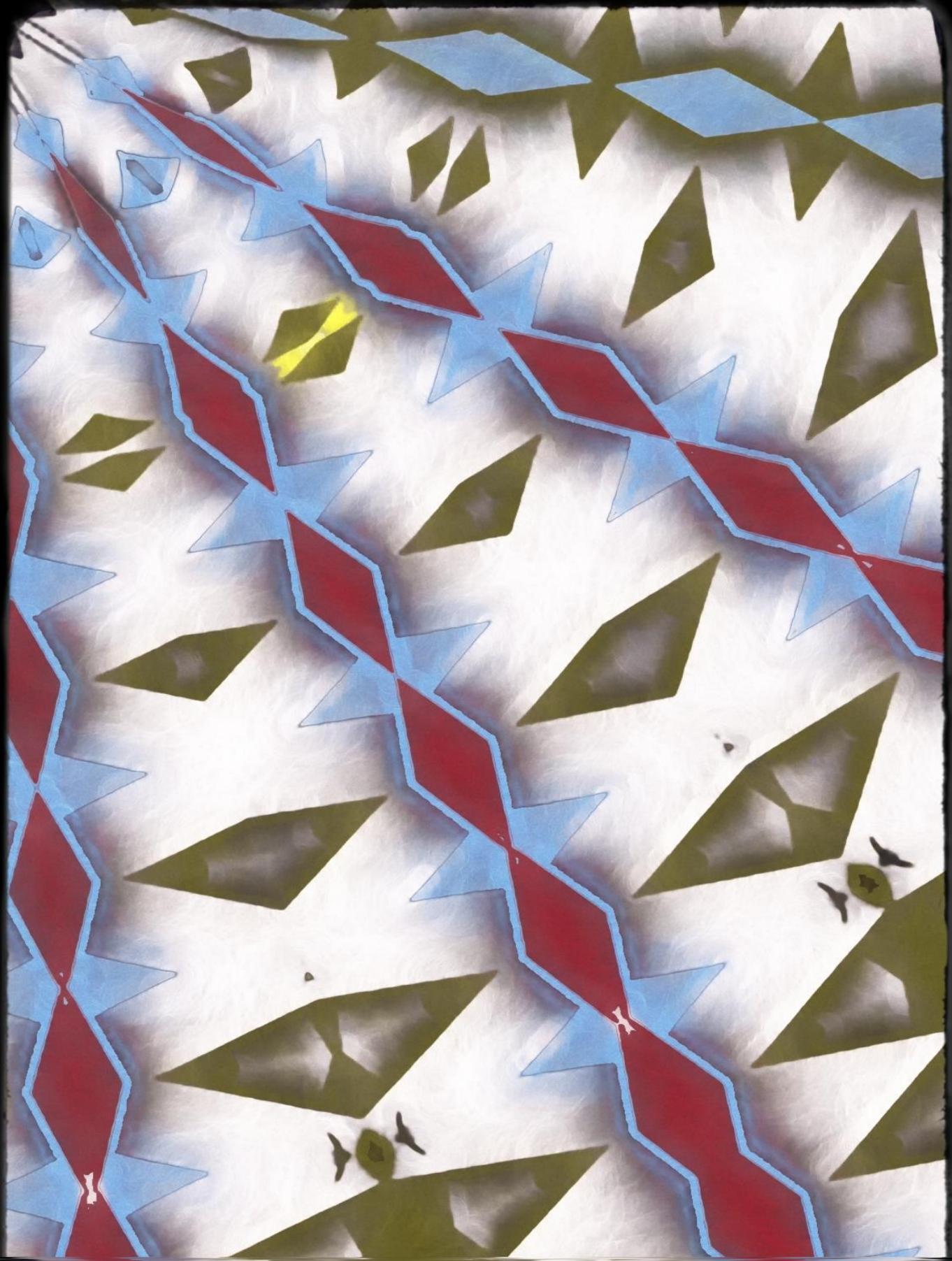
As I took careful steps, it became evident that the government officials had played a deceitful game, allowing Bubba's trick to work and luring us outside the café, where they believed it would be simpler to handle us.

Surrounded by a fearsome gang of enraged, towering men armed with an assortment of menacing guns and deadly weapons, it seemed like all hope had disappeared.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

Bubba, the devout person, and I bid each other a heartfelt goodbye, acknowledging the inevitable surrender of our freedom. Suddenly, a colossal American ranch-style Land Cruiser, reminiscent of the classic "Winnie-the-Pooh" Steamers from a bygone era, pulled up in the parking lot. In a sudden burst of genius, the esteemed holy man Bubba managed to capture the attention of the furious crowd



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

of Government Agents, who were bound by their duty to safeguard the secret of this exciting new American Sport until the upcoming Winter Olympics.

With great enthusiasm, he gestured towards the approaching luxurious travel home wagon, igniting a sense of curiosity and wonder among the onlookers.

With a stroke of genius, he devised a cunning scheme to secure our liberation.

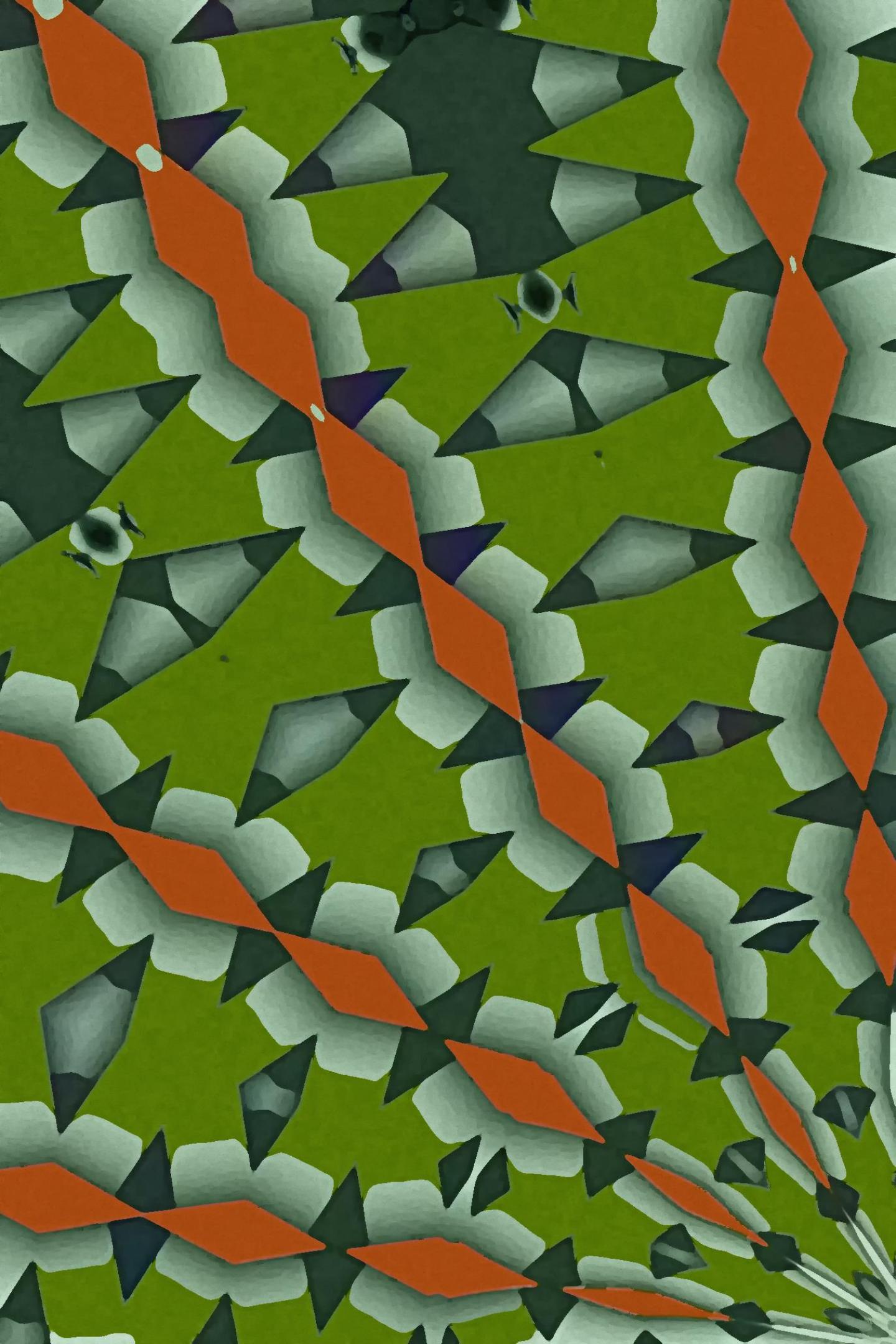


AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

He enticed those men by presenting them with something they desired even more.

The esteemed Bubba, a man of great wisdom, informed them that the pleasure wagon concealed our elusive KGB mastermind, the very person responsible for orchestrating the plot to pilfer their beloved new sport.

At that very moment, a well-off elderly man emerged from



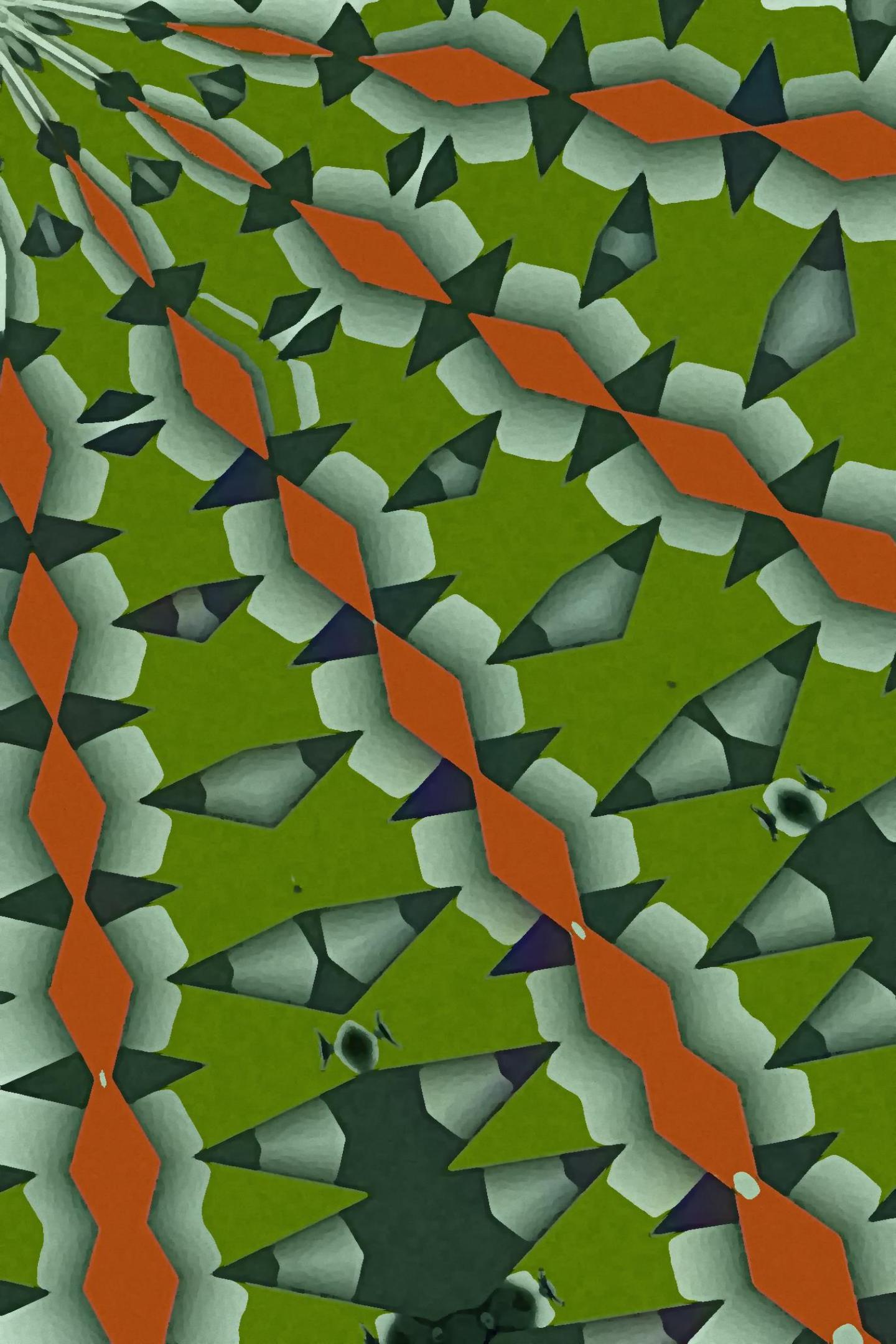
AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

the pleasure wagon, while being closely trailed by a plump, furious, and wicked woman who had a knack for causing harm.

Our newly acquired friend Mo and the dangerous woman were the ones who caught everyone's attention.

As soon as the government men spotted them, they completely disregarded us and hurriedly made their way towards Mo and the wicked woman.

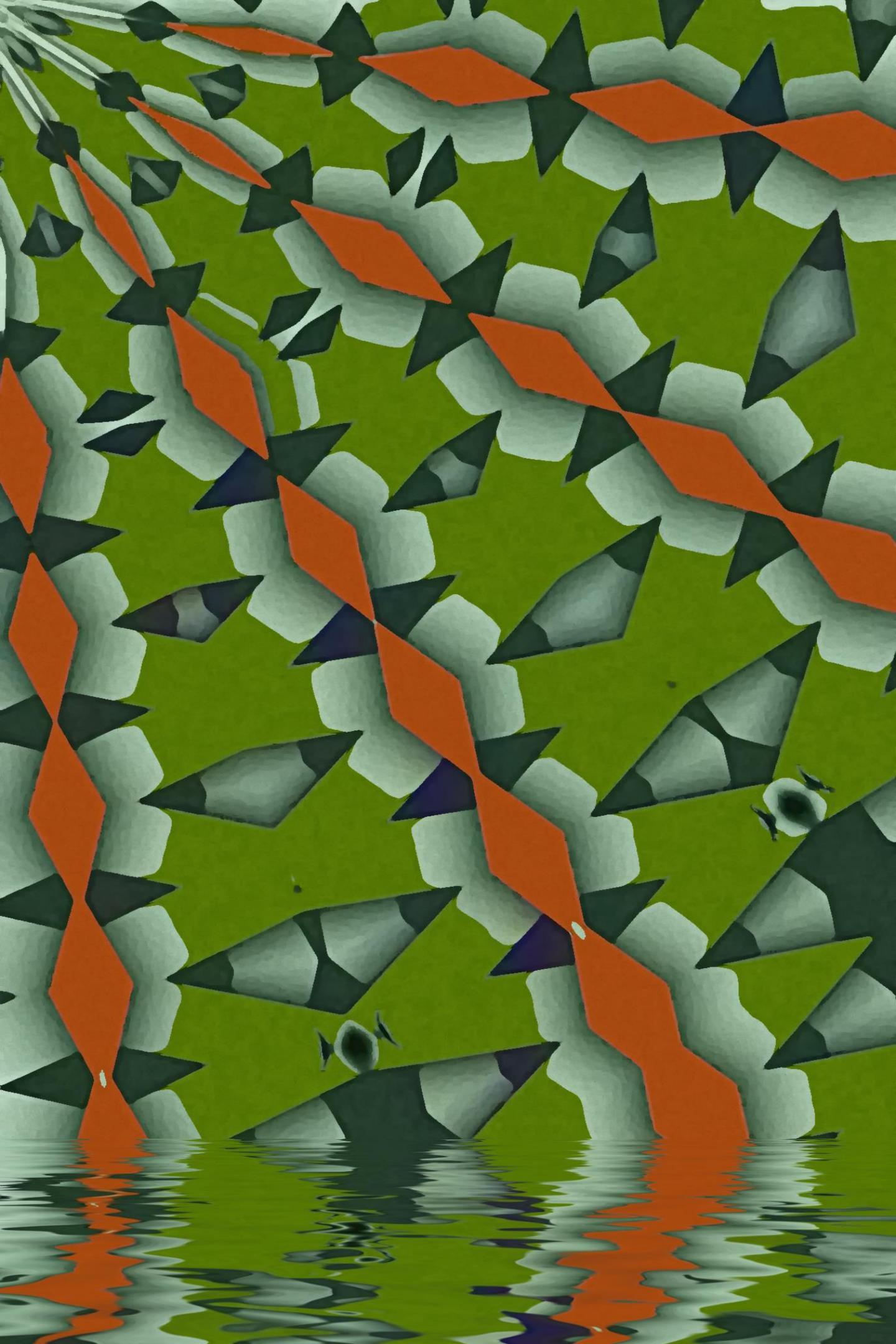
As the government officials



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

sprinted towards them, the revered Bubba encouraged them with a booming voice, exclaiming, "This is the arrest of the century! A KGB Chief! And he's even been to Moscow (Idaho)...just check out that bumper sticker!"

Without wasting any time, we made a swift exit from the parking lot, not bothering to wait for them to have a change of heart or consider the possibility of capturing the entire gang.



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

As we drove away, I caught a glimpse of Mo trapped on the hood of the pleasure wagon.

Martha, the wicked woman, found herself surrounded, yet she continued to unleash her deadly pocket bag with relentless force. With a menacing growl, she chanted a deathly incantation towards the government men who dared to attack her.

Undoubtedly, she must have made Mo proud as she left a



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

trail of ugly, bloodied bodies in her wake before they finally managed to bring her down.

Take a pause to honor the semi-divine intervention of the magnificent Joyful Elephant, and let us fondly recall Mo and the Killer Woman, who were reportedly incarcerated in a Federal Prison until the previous year when they engaged in a significant espionage exchange.

I'm not sure if this is accurate



AND HE SANG, I AM A TRUCK

since Mo never responded to
any of the numerous "Thank
You" cards I sent him over the
years.

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**"MEET THE PEOPLE
THEY TELL YOU
TO HATE"**



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他们的笑容中镌刻着天国的秘密

**THE SECRETS OF HEAVEN
ARE ENGRAVED IN
THEIR SMILES 2**

WAT SAMAN RATTANARAM
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他们的笑容中镌刻着天国的秘密

**THE SECRETS OF HEAVEN
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"ACROSS THE DESERT WASTELANDS"



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“LAST OF HIS ORDER?”

AWAITING THE
FINAL
RECKONING

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